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DREAMING.

BY EDEN E. REEFORD.

Dreaming by the gateway old,
Stands a maiden young and fair,
While the breezes, over bold,
Hide and seek among her hair.
Far away her thoughtless eyes
On the mountains old and gray,
Solemn as the mysteries
Which she strives to read to-day.
She is thinking, as she stands,
With the roses red and fair,
Touching her unheeding hands,
And the meshes of her hair,
Of the years before her feet—
Few or many knows she not—
Bitter ones, perhaps, or sweet;
What shall be the maiden's lot?
Through her dream of days to be
Runs a music sweet and low,
As the music of the sea
Underneath its ebb and flow.
Tis the music, deep and sweet,
Echoing softly through her breast
Of a voice whose words repeat
What her happy heart had guessed.
Oh! this happy heart of hers!
Never one so sweet before!
And her deepest being stirs
To its gladness, o'er and o'er.
For he loves her! Oh, the thought!
He, whom she has crowned as king;
And again her soul is caught
In a maze of wondering.
O'er it be that he, whose words
Haunt her when she wakes or dreams,
As the carol of the birds,
Or the music of the streams
Echoes on our wearied ears
When we know them far away;
That he loves her so! And tears
Hide the mountains old and gray.
Oh, such happy, happy tears!
All the world is in a dream,
Looking down the coming years,
Long, sweet summer hours they seem.
For he walks beside her there,
Whom her heart has crowned its king,
All life's joys and ills to share
Till they end their journeying.
Hark! a step! Her cheek's red rose
Blossoms out in sweet dismay,
And her bright face gladder grows,
While her day-dreams flit away.
"Ah, my darling!" utters he
Oh, the world is wild with bliss!
For the king is come, and he
Crown her queen with clasp and kiss.

The Giant Rifleman:

OR,

Wild Life in the Lumber Regions.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "SUNSHINE SETS," "DAKOTA DAN,"
"RED ROB," "THE BOY ROAD-AGENT," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

A STRANGE WARNING.

It was an Indian that emerged from the bushes and confronted Frank and Nattie—a low-browed and dirty-looking Potawatomi, whose face wore a malicious smile. He was unarmed, which was sufficient evidence of his friendship; still there was something in his sullen, hangdog countenance that was not calculated to inspire the young men with perfect confidence, at first sight.

"How do!" the red-skin said, as he halted before the bee-hunters.

"Very well, thank you," replied Nattie; "how is your excellency?"

"Come tell white bee-hunters that guide at the village of Pokahgan," answered the Indian.

"Who do you mean by the guide?"

"The big white hunter."

"Do you mean to say that old Goliath Strong is at the Indian village now?"

"Yes; he come there tired and lame—then send Swift Wing, and his friends to come—meet one friend and send him on—then come on for you—old guide say bringum boat."

The Indian told his story so straight and with such an air of truth that our friends took no trouble to cross-question him, though they took a natural liking to the fellow the moment they saw him for his countenance on a white man's face would have been an index to a bad character. However, the bee-hunters at once packed up and embarked in the bateau for the Indian village known as Allegan.

Nathan and Ed used the oars, and as they glided into the river and turned up the stream, Frank Ballard became silent and thoughtful. His mind went back to the deer they had seen, and the ribbon upon its neck. Somehow or other, that very sight, trifling as it was, had impressed young Ballard strangely. He knew not why it was, for it was one of those unaccountable things that conjure up thoughts and feelings in the mind and heart that seem born of intuition.

While revolving the matter in his mind, the report of a rifle on the northern shore startled him from his reverie, and forced a cry of surprise from Nattie's lips. At the same instant, the Indian gave a quick, convulsive jerk at the oars, then his head fell forward upon his breast and he gasped for breath and rattled in the throat.

Nathan let go his oars and lifted the head of the Indian from his cramped position. As he did so, he saw a drop of blood ooze from a tiny hole in the forehead and trail a crimson track across the face.

"My heavens, Frank! this Indian has been murdered!" the youth exclaimed, "right before our very eyes!"

"What in the world can it mean?" replied Frank, glancing at him.

"I know that none of our friends fired the shot, for none of their rifles throw as small bullets as this that has killed the red-skin."

"Ah! by heavens, look there, Nattie!—stand on your guard!" suddenly exclaimed Frank.

"River pirates! or I'm a base lunatic," cried Nattie, dropping his hand to the butt of his revolver.

The object that had so startled them was a strange-looking craft that glided suddenly out from the mouth of a stream emptying into the river, and hitherto kept concealed by the dense,



"By the great Pyramids!" exclaimed Old Wolverine; "it is not that—look thar!"

arcading bushes that grew upon either shore. It was a small bark canoe, finished off with all the elaborate skill of Indian handiwork. It was covered with a thin white canvas that completely concealed the occupant from view. It was provided with oars, instead of the customary paddle, and the easy and graceful manner in which they rose and fell evinced great skill in their management.

This strange boat headed directly toward our friends, who, between the dead warrior and the piratical-looking craft, were in no little confusion of mind. Finally Nattie demanded:

"Who or what comes there?"

There was no response, but the stranger continued to advance and soon ran alongside our friends.

With wildly staring eyes the latter sat motionless, their hands upon their revolvers, waiting for the curtain to be drawn aside, or for some demonstration, at least, on part of the unknown. But to their surprise he remained under cover of his floating sedan, silent and motionless. Through the thin white curtains they could see, in silhouette, the dark outlines of a slight figure, and what struck them as most remarkable was its resembling the form of a woman.

Nattie was tempted to reach out and draw aside the curtain, but before he could muster up courage to do so, a small white hand and arm were thrust from between the selvages of the curtains. In that hand, which left no doubt as to the sex of its owner, was held a slip of white paper which Frank received.

"Read it," came a soft, subdued voice from the interior of the sedan boat.

Frank started at the sound of her voice, and with a low cry thrust out his hand to sweep aside the curtains; but the boat had glided beyond his reach, and a few moments later was lost to view among the drooping foliage.

Frank now glanced at the paper in his hand. Upon it was written in pencil these words:

"Stranger, be careful. Pokahgan, the Potawatomi chief, is the white man's friend, but not so with all his men. Some would murder you for a dollar. The one with you is a deceitful traitor, luring you into danger. Retrace your steps, and, I repeat it, be careful."

"The Unknown Marksman!"

Frank read the note with a shudder, but without a word he passed it to Nattie to read.

Both were completely astounded—not so much by the warning as by the name signed to it.

"Who is the Unknown Marksman?" asked Nattie.

"I don't know; I never heard of him before. He must have slain this Indian," replied Frank, in a strange tone.

"That was a woman in that boat, Frank."

"I know it, Nattie, and would give five years of my life to see her. When she spoke, her voice seemed to echo through the very fibers of my heart."

"I dare say her fingers put that ribbon around that deer's neck; but, Frank, you are excited."

"I know it, but never mind, Nattie. Do you think she is the Unknown Marksman?"

"Of course not; this is written in a bold, manly hand; but, Frank, I am afraid Goliath and Ed are in trouble. That Indian seemed to have understood all about our big guide and companion, and if he meant to lure us into danger, two to one our guide and Ed have met with danger."

"Well, what are we to do?" questioned Frank.

"Toss this dead Ananias overboard and return to where the boys left us, and wait for them until we are satisfied they are not coming; then we can decide on our future course."

So saying, they consigned the body of the Indian to a watery grave, then tucked about and returned to the place where they were halted when their two friends left them.

The bee-hunters now guarded their situation with extreme caution, for they were in a coun-

try of which they knew little, and of whose people they knew less. Hitherto their labors had been confined to the Kalamazoo, and what they had learned of the Indians' character was among the friendly tribes on the head-waters of that stream. They had learned that, although the red-men were peaceable and friendly, there many of them were given to petty thieving and crimes, and would not hesitate to stab a man in the dark.

Nattie saw that his companion was deeply impressed by the events of the last half-hour; and while they were discussing their future movements, Ed Mathews, to their great relief, returned. But he brought no word of their guide, Goliath Strong.

Frank Ballard narrated what had transpired since he left them, and showed him the warning of the Unknown Marksman.

Mathews was already excited when he arrived at camp; this his comrades saw, and attributed to some adventure while absent; but when he had read the paper he said:

"I am sure I have no desire to remain here and encounter that unknown marksman if he serves all as he did our red Ananias," replied Frank.

"No. You'd rather encounter his daughter—she of the covered boat, white hand and arm, and soft, witching voice," replied Nattie, with a mischievous sparkle of the eye. "Frank is bound to fall in love with something yet before he dies, and when he does center that heart of twenty-eight years growth upon a woman, it'll be there like unto one of the permanent fixtures of the universe."

Alas! Nattie knew little of Frank Ballard's heart, else he would not have spoken so lightly of it. He had little idea of the secret that lay buried in its inner recesses; and as he spoke, Frank turned toward the river to conceal his emotions, and said:

"Ah, Nattie, you are a wild boy, and I pray that your young heart may never grow heavy with the wrongs of a wicked world—but this is no time for moralizing, so let us embark at once."

Entering the boat they pushed out from shore and dropped silently down the river.

Night was approaching, and before they had journeyed far they began discussing the subject of a night encampment. It was finally agreed that they return to their previous night's camp before halting. This was some three miles further down. An island was the point in question; there they had cached a large amount of honey until they should return down the river. It was an admirable place for defensive operations, and a point where their absent guide would be as likely to find them as any other should he escape all dangers.

Night came on long before they reached their destination; but the moon sailed softly into the azure depths of night and flooded the river and forest with a mellow glow.

They pulled on and finally reached the island—a little sand-bar covered with drift, and fringed around with a dense growth of short water-willows. Nattie was the first to leap ashore, and almost the first thing that arrested his attention was a number of huge tracks in the sand where the willows had been trampled down.

But they were not human tracks—they were the tracks of bears. There were some large and some small; and when they saw their honey cache had been torn open and ravaged of many a day's hard labor, they knew what had attracted the rapacious honey-thieves to the island.

"Well, this is vexation itself," Nattie exclaimed, as he regarded the gutted cache with sore regret.

"We'd ought to have been more careful in covering the pit," said Ballard.

"Immaculate Moses! more careful! who ever supposed that a family of hungry bears was waiting and watching?"

"Hark!" interrupted Ed Mathews.

A movement in the willows arrested their attention, and the next moment they saw a young bear walk out of the willow and approach their cache which had been partly beached on the upper side of the island. Stopping near the prow of the craft the animal sniffed around it, then deliberately climbed into the boat and began an exploration for the bee-hunters' honey-cups.

"The infernal impudent brute!" muttered Nattie; "I'll stop that," and he raised his gun to fire. But at this juncture another bear—a male of huge proportions—issued from the bushes and approached the boat. Reaching the prow, the animal reared up, and placing its fore paws on the end of the craft, was about to leap in, when the bateau gave way before its ponderous weight and shot out into the river, and was carried away by the current.

The big bear sat down upon his haunches, sniffed the air and looked longingly after the boat that was floating away with its companion that seemed, in noways, disconcerted by its sudden departure; but rather pleased over the idea of having the bee-hunters' supplies all to itself.

"I'll settle with that old cuss, confound him!" exclaimed Nattie, and raising his rifle he fired at the big bear. But, under the excitement of the moment, his aim had been unsteady; the bear was only wounded in the shoulder; and with a fierce growl, it charged upon the authors of its pain.

"Rim, boys, run!" cried Nattie, taking to his heels.

Ed and Frank discharged their guns at the animal, though without any other effect than to increase its pain and fury; then turned and fled after the light-footed Nattie across the island.

At this juncture, three more bears, a female and two cubs, emerged from the bushes and joined in the pursuit, for the scent of their companion's blood had aroused them.

As if cognizant of the fact that Nattie was the author of his suffering, the wounded bear seemed to single him out for its first victim. Seeing this, Ed and Frank ran in a different direction, and taking advantage of this diversion, they hastily reloaded their rifles and opened fire on the animals. They succeeded in killing the female and her cubs, but the male seemed to bear a charmed life, and the more shots he received the greater became his speed and anger. He was now crowding close upon Nattie's heels.

The willows were no more impediment to his advance than as much grass would have been, and this enabled him to gain upon the boy. In and out of the moonlight and bushes the two glided, Nattie exerting every effort to elude the bear, while the latter, with glaring eyes, open mouth, and blood-dripping sides, shuffled on close behind.

Whenever the bear came in sight Ed and Frank, from their coverts, fired upon it. The last time it appeared, however, it was not ten feet from Nattie; and as the youth again disappeared in the bushes they felt that the last hope was gone.

A moment later they heard a cry and a double splash in the water.

"My God, Ed! it has forced him in the river!" cried Frank.

They bounded from the bushes and hurried across the island to the water's edge. They saw the bear struggling in the waves, but Nattie was nowhere to be seen.

The bear had borne him down under the waves," cried Ed, in an agony of suspense.

A rustling in the bushes to their right arrested their attention, and the next instant they saw the little, graceful figure of an animal launch out into the stream and swim toward the bear. It was immediately followed by another and still

another, until six of them had left the island and attacked the bear.

A fearful and deadly struggle now ensued in the river between bruin and the other animals. Our two friends watched the conflict with great eagerness, expecting to see Nattie's form rise to the surface; but in this they were disappointed. He was nowhere to be seen, and they were about to call to him when the form of a man pushed through the willows to the right, and approached them, holding his sides and laughing till his whole frame shook as with an ague chill.

This strange being was dressed in a suit of buck-skin made in the regular border style. On his head he wore a cap made of the fur of the wolverine, the head of the animal being arranged in front and in such a manner that the nose answered for a peak to the cap, while the ears were pricked up as if still possessed of life and cowardly fear.

"Great gosh! mighty, friends! isn't that one of the most dee-lightful, friskiest concentration of physical powers ye ever clapped yer optics on?" demanded the stranger, in a rollicking tone, between fits of hearty laughter. "Why, just discover that ole b'ar—ha! ha! ha!—spin round and round like a big turbine water-wheel; and see those boys o' mine how they sail in on their nautical. Ha! ha! ha! gents, that's one of the most dee-licious, superb ramifications that ole Wolverine ever had the pleasure o' gittin' up. Yoop! sail in, boys!"

"Indeed! are you old Wolverine, the Wolf-Hunter?" asked Frank Ballard.

"I be, sir, that very ole daisy, and it strikes me in the region of the cerebellum that we meandered hereaways just about the appointed time to save your friend."

"But we are not sure he is safe," answered Mathews.

"Safe as a dollar in a Jew's pocket; he dodged the b'ar arter he jumped into the water and swum around the island."

A moment later Nattie, soaked to the skin, made his appearance.

A shout of joy burst from the lips of his friends.

"I say, youngster," said old Wolverine, as familiarly as though he had always known the bee-hunters, "you made some purty lively motions, now didn't ye?"

"Well, stranger," said Nattie, "I rather imagine I did, and I think I had reasons for my actions, too; but are those your dogs that tackled that bear?"

"They are for a factum," answered Old Wolverine, "and now, don't you forget it, that b'ar 'll git his solar system eclipsed from center to conference. Them 'ere dogs knows as well as a surgeon whar to feel for a tender spot. I've learnt 'em, ye see. They knowed just whar to close on a b'ar deer or wolverine. Why, I've actly seed' ole Baltic, that's my bull-dog, as what is a reg'ler snorter, snap a catamount in two so slick and easy that each end went flyin' in opposite directions—oh, a hundred yards or more apart. Now, that's a fact! Yoop! hurrah thar, boys! Wool him, Baltic! blast him! Fleetfoot! stab him, Mellow Tongue!" and the old hunter clapped his hands and shouted at his dogs until the very night resounded with the re-echoing of his powerful lungs.

The fight between the dogs and bear continued in the water. The latter acted upon the defensive altogether, and was at last compelled, through sheer loss of blood and exhaustion, to yield, to overwhelming numbers, the life he had clung to so tenaciously.

Old Wolverine now called his dogs ashore, and advancing to the center of the island where the moonlight fell unobstructed, calmly seated himself upon the carcass of one of the bears slain by Ed and Frank. Then, one by one, he called his six dogs to him and looked them over fully over for wounds; and when assured that they had received no serious injury he said:

"These 'ere dogs I call the Old Guard, 'cause as what they are infallible. These two"—referring to two tall, slender grayhounds—"I call Mellow Tongue and Fleetfoot. The one has a voice as charming as a flute, and soft and musical as Moorish whidders; and t'other 'n can run so fast that the heat created by friction 'll bust the 'r 'll sing his hair—look thar! if you don't believe it! Then, here comes ole Faisy and Limer—two as good fox-hounds as ever led a trail or swallowed a loaf of corn-pone. And thar, then, is Cubbie, as sagacious a mongrel as ever throttled a wolverine or nipped the heels of a stag; and, lastly, thar is the reserved force of the Old Guard, Baltic. You see his nationality in his countenance—a bull-dog. He'd tip the bears at two hundred avoirdupois. Just look at 'em chops, boys; why, they hang like saddle-skirts over jaws that's stronger than an iron vise. I tell ye that dog, Baltic, is one chunk of muscle from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail, even if the tail isn't but three inches long. Ha! ha! me and my loves, boys, have had hundreds of grand ole frolics together in these 'ere woods. We like it—we've been raised in these woods, ye might say; and don't you forget that we've been a sort of epidemic among the wolverines on which the State pays a very nice little bounty."

"How came you over on this island?" asked Nattie.

"Why, we heard you a-firin' and supposed a fight was goin' atwixt some rascals, and so we came over to inquire into it. We war comin' up the river in a boat, and when we seed' it was a rascals fightin', we couldn't tell what war up until we got right up here; then we seed' that boy reel off into the river a-rackin' the b'ar arter him, and knowed what the racket meant. So I spoke to the Old Guard, and away went the dogs of war."

As the rollicking and whimsical old wolf-hunter concluded his speech, he carelessly threw his arm around Baltic's neck and began humming to himself:

"Over the hills and far away,
Over the hills and far away,
Over the hills and far away, etc., etc."

His voice was not unmusical. There was a plaintive melody in its strains that at once appealed to the inner soul of his audience.

When he had ended his song and apparent musing, Ed said:

"Wolverine, did you see our boat going down the river, with a bear in it?"

"I saw a boat jist below here, but I didn't notice a b'ar in it—in fact, I jist glanced at it, and as I seen no person in it, I paid no fuder attention to it. How come a b'ar in your boat?"

Ed told him how the cub went adrift—elicit-
ing a roar of laughter from Old Wolverine.

Having reposed perfect confidence in the
hunter from the first, Frank now went on and nar-
rated their adventure of the day; and asked the
old borderman's opinion of the same.

"Wal," he began, "it's a little mixed in my
mind to read that. I've heard that the In-
dian war gittin' as fidgity as a hypocrite on the
mourner's bench, but I don't believe they'd dare
come out openly ag'inst the whites. Old Polak-
gan is too smart a chief not to see the result of
such an escapade. But, I'll tell you what I think
the trouble is: this country is full of lumber-
men, bark peelers and shingle-weavers; and
among the many hundreds of them there are
haydoos of mean, ornery critters who come
out here to escape justice and pretend to work.
That's Bertraw's camp made up of Canadians;
some of 'em—in fact, most of 'em—are good
men; but there are some meaner than the pro-
prietor o' the sulphur-pit himself. Same way
with Spencer's men—ditto, the settlers and In-
dians. As soon as the night comes, these fel-
lows are drawn together by a natural affinity,
and together they concoct and do a great deal
of mean things. Housmever, the Unknown
Marksmen's provin' a epidemic to some o' that
class o' pilgrims."

"Who is the Unknown Marksmen? and what's
your opinion of him, Wolverine?" asked Bal-
lard.

"I think he's a rattlin' good shot—sure of his
game every pop, as Old Mellow Tongue is of his
trail. That's all I know 'bout him, and, in fact,
is all I want to know."

"Which way are you traveling now?" asked
Nattie.

"Goin' up the river on a big deer-hunt;—these
rattlin' fine sport, boys. Just let me strike a
trail and then go to Mellow Tongue the head, and
oh, land of the blessed! Such ravishin' music!
Why, it would drive you into ecstasies—yea,
you'd expire with delight to hear the Old Guard
sing as they string out through the woods. With
Mellow Tongue in the ear and Old Baltic 'bout
a half-mile behind, that trail becomes a grand
of music. Didn't you ever hear a pack like that
on the trail of a festive fox?—you didn't?—well,
then, you've still something to live for. I'm goin'
up the river now, and if you fellows want to
take passage with me, I'll be glad to care to
spell me now and then at the oars, why, come
along, my Josies, and we'll have some rare old
sport. Oh, I tell ye, I'm none o' yer sedates—
I'm as frisky as a festive mule; and can stand
more fun and frolic than any youngster in
Michigan."

"But we were going down the river," said
Frank; "besides we are bee-hunters."

"Bee-hunters?—well, now, don't you forget it,
gents, that I can take you right slap-dab whar
the bees are thicker than grains of sand on the
desert Salubra, or cranberry in the Blue
Marsh. Why, it's a fact, they're so plenty,
more or less, that they can't find holler trees
enough to put their honey in; and so they just
stick it right in among the branches. Why, the
trees up there are all clamored over with honey.
Bears just have rollicking times up there."

"And, notwithstanding his wonderful exag-
gerations, the bee-hunters took passage with the
old hunter and started back up the river, still
in hopes that they would find Goliath Strong,
their guide."

CHAPTER V.

THE MYSTERY OF SPIRIT RAPIDS.

As the four men journeyed slowly up the
river, they discussed the absence of Goliath
Strong and the appearance of the strange wo-
man in the covered boat, as well as the death
of the Indian, Swift-Wing.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Old Wolverine,
"but what that Unknown Marksmen was quar-
tered up that way. If so, I wouldn't be a card
to call on him."

"Perhaps you might get a bullet through your
brain," Nattie suggested.

"I hope not; but if anything of the kind
should happen, boys, don't let the Old Guard
come to grief. Old Mellow Tongue's olfactories
are so keen that you could soon train him to
track a bee through the air like a bird. But
then, I don't want to go yet. I'm not ready to
die," and as he concluded he began softly whist-
ling:

"Over the hills and far away."

at the same time keeping time with the measur-
ed strokes of the oars.

Mentally, each of the bee-hunters pronounced
Old Wolverine a good old fellow, full of rol-
licking sport and whimsical expression not alto-
gether devoid of some philosophy; and he con-
gratulated himself upon their having fallen into
his companionship.

A few hours' rowing brought them back to
the mouth of the South Black River, Castle Island
and Spirit Rapids.

Castle Island was a rocky promontory shaped
like a wedge, and splitting the waters of the
South Black before it emptied into the main
river. The waters that passed to the right of
the island flowed in a strong current down
through a narrow channel almost under the
high, rocky walls of the island, while the main
volume of water that passed to the left of
the island, broke into wild, tossing rapids.
The island was covered with a dense growth
of scrubby pines, and was inaccessible. The
right side, and the end overlooking the Black
river proper, was guarded by high, project-
ing walls; while on the left side the rapids made
it impossible for any human being to cross to
the island. At least it seemed so to a casual
observer watching the sweeping, tossing, twist-
ing waters.

The moon was in the zenith when our friends
reached this point. Castle Island, as some im-
aginative genius had named it, stood out against
the northern sky like some old castellated ruin,
true enough; while a white mist hung over
Spirit Rapids, in which the same genius must
have imagined he could see spiritual forms mov-
ing over the seething waters.

"I'd give all my right, title and interest in
purgatory to get onto Castle Island," remarked
Old Wolverine, as they stood out before the im-
posing island.

"It seems to be unapproachable," said Nattie.
"Perpendicular walls fifty feet high on one side
and end, and these guarded by water, and the
other side guarded by the Rapids. And yet, I
believe it is inhabited."

"Impossible!" replied young Mathews; "no
one could scale those crumbly walls; while to
cross the rapids would be entirely out of the
question."

"Wal, boys, I'm goin' to see just how fur into
the rapids we can git, just for fun. This boat is
stout as a man-o'-war," said Old Wolverine,
and without consulting his companions' feelings on
the subject, he deliberately turned the craft out
of the main river into the mouth of the south
branch, and started toward the rapids. They
soon approached so close that they could feel the
falling spray upon their hands and faces, and
the boat rock under the agitated waters.

"I should think we were about close enough to
the rapids, friend Wolverine," declared Frank,
"inasmuch as we can gain nothing by going
any further."

"I just want to try you fellows' nerves," said
the old man; "and I don't git five rods furder
up, we could make the island like a top by
sidling off-head against the current. So don't
git skeery, boys."

Frank again entered a protest against what
seemed a useless and reckless adventure, but
the old hunter, determined to reach the island
if possible, pulled with all his power against the
rapids.

They had gone probably two rods further,
when Mellow Tongue suddenly thrust his nose
into the air and gave a low, uneasy whine.

"Hear that, Wolverines?" exclaimed Nattie; "your
dog knows we're running into danger."

"By the great Pyramids!" exclaimed Old
Wolverine; "it is not that—look that! Talk
'bout that bein' no sich things as spirits and I'll
drink this river!"

The old man pointed toward the shore and a
little in advance of them, and looking in the di-
rection thus indicated, the bee-hunters were

rendered speechless by the sight of a form mov-
ing across the rapids—still closer to danger than
they were. It was a form wearing a long,
grayish-looking gown and a white hood com-
pletely covering head and form. Both arms
were extended, and the white sleeves of the
garment gave them the appearance of vampire
wings.

The hunters were impressed with a strange,
mysterious fear bordering on superstition, for
they looked upon what seemed a supernatural
being. Old Wolverine bade his dogs be silent,
while with distended eyes he watched the ap-
parition. It was moving across the river to-
ward the island; and it was walking, or rather
floating across the current of the rapids—the
skirts of its cloak trailing twice about its feet
on the surface of the eddying waters.

Slowly it passed before them—drifted on
through the mist and sweeping tide, and finally
disappeared in the shadows of the island.

Old Wolverine drew a breath of relief; the
bee-hunters rallied from their awesome stupor.

"Darn my riggin!" burst from the lips of the
hunter.

"What does that mean? I don't understand
it," said Nattie Darrall.

"It beats the miracle of old Galilee; if my
eyes didn't deceive me, I think I see'd a human
critter walk deliberately and fearlessly across
the river on the water."

"We all saw it," affirmed Frank, in an earn-
est tone.

"Then, by gee-hokey, it was a spirit!" de-
clared Old Wolverine. "Nothin' else could
walk the water like that—ay, these are Spirit
Rapids, boys!"

"It's all bosh!" protested the brave Nattie
Darrall. "I believe there is a stone foot-bridge
along there."

"Oh, the improbabilities of youth!" cried the
hunter; "a foot-bridge could be thrown across
the Styx as easy as 'em rapids. I tell you—but
doleful sound! that goes another!"

True enough; a second figure clad in misty
gray, with extended arms, was seen to be mov-
ing across the river on the surface of the water.
It could not be seen so distinctly as the first,
however; the hunters, in their excitement, had
permitted the current to carry their boat back
some distance from the rapids.

They watched the shadowy form, however,
until it had disappeared; then Old Wolverine
drew a long breath and exclaimed:

"Boys, this is more pressure on my nervous
system than I like. I can stand the hug o' the
bar, the kick o' a horse, or the whine o' a bitch;
but I'll be durned if I want to be skered to death
by royal, gnuvine spooks. I tell ye these ra-
pids are ha'nted by the spirits of those dashed
to pieces among them rocks. I athers heard it
said."

"I don't believe it," interrupted the boy hero,
Nattie Darrall; "I believe there is something
material in what we have seen, and am in favor
of investigating the matter. I am now satisfied
that we can venture up to where the apparitions
crossed. I'm not afraid to go where any other
person can."

"Well, blest if Wolverine and the Old Guard
can't go where any boy can," declared the old
hunter; "and so here goes, spirit or no spirit."

The old hunter plied his oars with all his
strength and skill, and by a determined effort
succeeded in stemming the writhing current to
about the point where the apparitions crossed;
but, to their surprise, they found no foot-bridge
there—nothing but angry, foaming water upon
which their boat rocked and tossed like an egg-
shell.

For a minute the whole party was completely
dumbfounded. Despite their better education,
the bee-hunters now found themselves under-
going that vague, superstitious fear born of doubt
and uncertainty, in consequence of what they
had witnessed—a sight which they could not ac-
count for, and, therefore, involving a necessity
for the supernatural. And with this feeling
stealing over them, the roar of the rapids
seemed blared and ghostly voices, and the
leaping waters imbued with a ghostly spirit.

At length Nattie said:

"If I see another of those apparitions, I shall
reach for it," and cocking his gun, he laid it
across his lap, ready for instant use.

"They said they would be a ghost or witch
—that nothing but a silver bullet will touch
them," observed Old Wolverine, trying to ap-
pear calm; "but if the Old Guard only had good
footing, I'll bet they'd snake in yer ghostship in
a jiffy."

Why, boys, old Mellow Tongue could
track a whale across the ocean; and with him
in the lead, and Baltic in rear, I tell ye the
brine'd fly from their heels. Wolverine-huntin'
gittin' to be dull, 'cause, when Mellow Tongue
sounds the keynote, the wolf jist stops and ar-
ranges its throat for Baltic's lead and lies.
And then—boys, do you see that?—there goes
another o' them critters—that's a little one—must
be a young ghost."

A third apparition had appeared from the
shore and was moving across the river toward
the island. Like the others, it was clad in a
hood and cloak of spectral gray; yet it appeared
to be considerably smaller than those that had
preceded it.

By this time the boat had again drifted away
from the line traversed by the unknown; and,
although the form could be but dimly seen
through the mist, Nattie resolved to fire upon
it.

With a strange uncertainty and misgiving, he
raised his gun, and, taking careful aim, fired.
The report of the piece sounded dead and dull,
and it had scarcely jarred upon the ears, when
the little party were a heartrending and piercing
scream rent the night, and the apparition was
seen to sink upon the bosom of the waves.

"My God!" cried Nattie, "that was a human
cry—the cry of a woman! Pull, Wolverine,
pull to the rescue, though I be a murderer!"

The hunter bent to the oars and sent the
sharp-pointed boat speeding against the cur-
rent. Into the very edge of the rapids he
pulled.

Frank Ballard is in the prow and with dis-
tended eyes he searches for the body of the
youth's victim. He sees an object rise to the
surface on the left. He sees a pair of arms buf-
feting the waves.

"To the left, Wolverine, to the left!" he
shouts.

They turned the boat to the left. It shot like
a dart alongside the body. Frank made a grab
at it and seized a human form by the wrist; but
at that instant the boat struck a hidden rock and
capsized. All were thrown headlong into the
water, and the next moment were ruthlessly
swept away on the bosom of the river.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 375.)

Miss Langmaid's Antecedents.

BY HENRI MONTCAUL.

FRED EAST and I were at school and college
together. I suppose I would do almost any-
thing for Fred East. Consequently, when he
came into my office (I had just been admitted
to the bar of my native State) and asked my
assistance in a certain very delicate matter, I
promised to do what I could for him as a mat-
ter of course.

"I'm afraid we are going to have trouble
out home," Fred began, putting the case be-
fore me. "You see, some time ago, Jennie"
—Jennie was Fred's wife; they lived with
Fred's father at the old East homestead—"she
hired a governess for the children. We never
liked her after the first. She didn't seem quite
up to her business, to begin with; and then she
showed herself, after awhile, to be not exactly
a lady. There was something odd about her
which we did not notice at first, and she had
not been with us three months before my wife
and I, we agreed we'd better get rid of her."

But we no sooner announced this determina-
tion than the old gentleman puts his foot down
and says she sha'n't budge an inch as long as
she chooses to do us the honor to stay with us

—that she is a model of a woman, a perfect
angel, and that he loves her with all his soul,
and will marry her, and no questions asked if
she will have him."

"And is she willing to take him?" I asked.

"Willing! Yes, and jumps at the chance.
Indeed I've no doubt that's what she came
there for. She is some adventuresome from the
city here."

"When is the wedding to come off?"

"I've persuaded the old man to wait a
month. At the end of that time he will cer-
tainly marry her unless I can prove to him
there is something wrong about her. What
I want you to do is to come down and stay a
day or two and see if you can make her out.
You are a lawyer, and maybe can find out
something. Come down Saturday and stay
as long as you can. I'll meet you at the sta-
tion."

As we drove up the carriage road of the
East homestead that next Saturday afternoon,
I would hardly blame Miss Eugenia Langmaid
(that was the governess' name) for wishing to
become its mistress.

It was one of the most beautiful country
seats I ever saw. Fred's father and wife re-
ceived me as cordially as ever. The former
was a stately, white-haired old man, always
full of sociability and good cheer, and now
with a fire in his eye and a vigor in his move-
ments which I had not seen in him for a long
time.

Mrs. Fred was a pretty little fair-skinned
woman fully in sympathy with her husband,
and understanding perfectly the object of my
visit. Miss Langmaid did not seem to be
about just then.

Wandering alone in the shrubbery toward
sunset, I first saw the governess herself. Un-
perceived by her, I stood watching her for
some moments, really astonished to see a wo-
man so different from what Fred had led me
to expect. She was tall and dark—not beau-
tiful according to any recognized standard of
beauty, yet wonderfully attractive. I thought
—what the French call *seductive*. I could
not wonder Mr. East had fallen in love with
her; and I could not for the life of me discern
the "air of an adventuresome" which Fred had
discovered. I was on the point of stepping
forward and addressing her, when she turned
suddenly, without seeing me, and went off by
the main path toward the house. Shortly
after, a very surprising event took place. I
came up the walk toward the front piazza,
where were standing the entire family, includ-
ing Miss Langmaid, whose back was toward
me, so that she did not see me at all. As I
mounted the steps Mrs. Fred turned to her and
said:

"Miss Langmaid, let me introduce our
friend, Mr. Easton."

I stood in the full sunset light within a few
feet of them. At Mrs. East's words the go-
verness turned easily toward me and raised
her eyes—and very beautiful eyes they were,
I remember. But, no sooner did they fall
upon me than she started forward, then sud-
denly covered her face with her hands and fell
fainting to the floor. The old man gave me a
suspicious glance, then bent over her prostrate
form and seized her hand. She was taken in-
doors at once, and I did not see her again that
night.

As for her fainting at sight of me, I was
quite unable to account for it. I had never
seen the lady before in all my life nor she me.
Why she should faint at seeing me was a
mystery I could not solve, and I had so little
difficulty in accepting her own explanation of
it the next morning (when she met me quite
calmly), that before the week was out I had
almost forgotten the occurrence. She had
been quite unwell the day before, she said, and
I so nearly resembled a very dear friend of
hers who was dead, that seeing me all at once
had startled and overcome her.

I did not find out much either for or against
Miss Langmaid's respectability during the few
days I remained with the East family; and all
the while I failed to see anything loud or un-
ladylike in her. I thought her a very charm-
ing woman, and was half inclined to fall in
love with her myself.

But I did discover something in her manner
to which Fred evidently had reference, but
which, it seemed to me, he misunderstood.
From a certain air of restraint which she as-
sumed when, on one occasion, I ventured some
inquiry as to her past life, and from a certain
hard flash that flow into her eyes whenever so-
ciety and society distinctions were mentioned
or insisted upon, I somehow or other felt con-
vinced that Miss Langmaid had a story, and by
no means a pleasant one, which she was hiding
from the world; and more than that, she had
some time or another been brought to bay by
the world, and compelled to fight the society
into which she now sought refuge.

Whether this story involved guilt on her part, whether
there was anything in it which should put an
end to the proposed marriage, of course I
could not say; but I felt that her story ought
to be known. Yet, as far as that story was
concerned, I went away from Mr. East's at the
week's end no wiser than I came, feeling cer-
tain that the wedding would come off at the
month's end in spite of anything Fred or his
wife could do.

It was by the strangest coincidence I ever
knew that a clue to Miss Langmaid's past was
put into my hands immediately.

Only a few days after my visit to the East
homestead, I was called to Buffalo on business,
and when about to return, having just secured
my berth for the night, as I stood in the Erie
car, all at once I felt a hand laid with no
light weight upon my shoulder, and a gruff
voice saying:

"Well, my friend, we've got you at last,
have we? Quite a little chase you've given
us."

It did not take long to assure me that my
name was Antoine Leclerc, that I was sup-
posed to be a Frenchman, that I had committed
forgery at Louisville some weeks since—where,
by the way, I had never been in my life—and
that I was now under arrest.

The only approach to truth in the whole
story was as to my being French. My mother
was of French descent. Evidently the detec-
tive had taken me for another man; but of
course I had no difficulty, being well acquaint-
ed in Buffalo, of establishing my identity and
obtaining my release at once.

As I was about to part company with my
professional friend, he said:

"Well, if you're not Leclerc, you look
enough like him to be his brother. I've had
hands on him once, and I could have sworn
you were he. I never knew so strong a re-
semblance."

It was certainly very strange, and a sudden
thought struck me.

"Do you know anything of this Antoine Le-
clerc's past life?" I asked.

"Not much," answered the officer. "He
has been in Louisville for two or three years."

—came there from Pittsburgh where, I believe,
he was a prominent witness in a murder trial,
and confessed to having perjured himself. It
was his testimony that all but convicted the

woman (the prisoner was a lady), when, upon
assurance that he would not be prosecuted for
perjury, he contradicted his own testimony
point blank, and, somehow, the woman got
off."

"Do you remember the woman's name?"
"No. I've told you about all I remember
of the trial. It was in May, eighteen seventy—
You would find it all on the court records."

I took a note of the date, and bidding my
new friend adieu, took the next train, not for
home, but for Pittsburgh. I had not only a
hope, but what almost amounted to a convic-
tion, that I had been taken for Antoine Le-
clerc once before in my life, viz., on the night
I was introduced to Miss Langmaid. And
more than this, I felt sure of finding, sooner
or later, that that lady had been on trial for
murder in the courts of Pittsburgh in the year
of grace eighteen seventy—.

From the court records and from the old
clerk I gleaned the following particulars of a
story in which I felt sure that Miss Langmaid
was the leading character. The case was that
of the State vs. Josephine Digby. Mr. Leroy
Digby had been a merchant, whose business
was in a very mixed condition. His wife was
a young woman, and beautiful, more than
thirty years his junior. There was no doubt,
from the various evidence in the case, that
Digby had treated her shamefully. He not
only deprived his wife, in every possible way,
of her freedom, but constantly treated her
with positive cruelty, and in a thousand ways
made life to her, as his wife, unbearable.

I felt in my heart that I could hardly blame
her, whatever she was, for taking the law into
her own hands and ridding herself of him, as I
could not doubt, from the evidence, she had
done. It seems that Digby had been slightly
ill for a week, and then all at once he was
found one morning dead, and a post-mortem
examination revealed the fact that he had died
of poison. There was circumstantial evidence
in abundance that pointed to the wife as the
murderer, yet it would hardly have convicted
her but for the additional testimony of one
man, Antoine Leclerc, who had been, as it
turned out, an unsuccessful suitor of the lady,
who swore positively that he accidentally saw
Mrs. Digby prepare and administer the fatal
draught. He was an intimate of Mr. Digby's
and constantly at the house during his illness.
All this together would beyond a doubt have
hung the woman had not Leclerc, at the last
moment, as the detective had said, contradicted
his own testimony, giving his hatred of the
lady as a reason for his false evidence. How
he was prevailed upon to do this, I never
learned nor does it matter. Suffice it to say
that though there seemed no room for doubt
that the woman was guilty, yet technically it
could not be proven, and the judge so charged
the jury that they could not do otherwise than
acquit her. But she left the court-room amid
hisses and groans—not a person far or near
who had heard of the case but believed her
guilty. From the description I obtained of
Mrs. Digby I made no doubt that she and
Eugenia Langmaid were the same person; and,
armed with these facts, I proceeded
straight home and down to the East house.

I had formed a plan of my own in the mat-
ter, and I was therefore glad, upon my ar-
rival, to find no one at home except Miss Lang-
maid. As gently as I might, for I pitied the
woman, I made her aware first how much I
knew of her previous history. Contrary to my
expectation, she admitted the whole story at
once and threw herself upon my mercy. In a
few heartrending sentences she assured me
that she had been innocent of that terrible
crime, and that her husband had been poisoned
through a mistake of his own. Then she went
on with sobs and tears to tell me how this aw-
ful charge had ruined her life for her—a life
that had never been too happy even before she
sold herself to the brute who had sought her—
how no one would believe in her innocence,
and how she had at last given up the fearful
struggle against the world and sought under a
new name to regain among strangers the po-
sition she had lost among friends. Finally she
threw herself upon the grass at my feet, and,
clinging to my knees, besought me not to be-
tray her and rob her of this only chance of
happiness. She assured me again and again
that she really loved Mr. East, and knowing
that he idolized her, she felt that she could
make him happy if only I would not reveal her
story.

Of course it was impossible for me to do as
she wished. I told her I could in honor do no
less than lay her story before the old man; then,
if he chose to believe her, I had nothing further
to do in the matter. I besought her to take
that task upon herself—to go to him, tell him
all and rely upon his love and kindness. If
she could not do this, I said, I must tell him
myself.

She grose and looked at me sadly a moment.
"No," she said. "He would believe me at
first, but the rest of them hate me, and when
they brought him the evidence he would be-
lieve, too. It's of no use, Mr. Easton. I will
go away at once. Only, promise me that you
will not let them know," and she put out her
beautiful hand to me. "I would like him
never to know it. And here, this moment, alone
with you and my God, I swear to you that I
never poisoned Leroy Digby." And gazing
upon her as she stood with her hand in mine
and her eyes raised to heaven, looking lovelier
far than any woman I had ever seen—for that
moment at least, I fully believed her. And
even now, as I think of it, I hardly doubt her.

As for her story, I never told it before this to
any one.

"Tom Porter."

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

AMOS AMORY was the happiest man in West-
ville. For he was not engaged to pretty, blue-
eyed Susie Bloom, and hadn't he won her right
before the face and eyes of half a dozen disap-
pointed suitors, who had vowed to wear the
willow eternally for her sweet sake?

The course of Amory's true love ran smooth,
so far, and he was morally certain it always
would.

"No use in lover's quarrels," said sensible
Amos; "no sense in this everlasting jealousy
and all that! Never catch me getting jealous,
I tell you. No danger of that, Susie!"

Nor, indeed, did there seem to be any dan-
ger, for Susie was a discreet little body, not
likely to give him any cause, as Amos felt quite
secure.

But, alas! for the fallibility of human cal-
culations.

One evening when he went for his usual call,
Amos found Susie in unusually high spirits
over a letter she had just read.

"You must have had good news," said Amos,
smiling fondly on her.

"Oh, I have!" cried Susie, with sparkling
eyes. "It's from Tom Porter, my very dear-
est friend! After you, of course, Amos! We
are both invited to a grand wedding at How-

ardsville, and Tom's coming down to go with
me. Ain't you glad for me? Tom and I al-
ways have such good times!"

"Oh—ah—yes, certainly, I'm glad!" replied
Amos, but with a certain feeling at his heart
that if Susie's friend had been "Mollie" Por-
ter, or "Jenny" or "anybody, almost, except
Tom or John or some other cognomen which
denoted him as belonging to the masculine frater-
nity, he would have been much better
pleased with Susie's delight.



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A BEAUTIFUL STORY

OF
High Dramatic Interest

TO COMMENCE IN NUMBER 378.

A GIRL'S HEART;

OR,

Doctor Tremaine's Wooing.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

A young girl of unacknowledged parentage, brought up under depressing influences, leads a peculiar life, and by rather simple train of circumstances is thrown in direct contact with those holding the secret of her life. Then commences the weaving of romance and the evolution of a drama of the keenest interest and excitement. The heroine is

NOT A BOLD, BRAVE GIRL,

but in her woman's devotion is braver than she knows and wiser than her persecutors ever dream; while in Doctor Tremaine the author develops a rarely-noble man, who, loving, keeps his love in leash, and walks forward in duty with a consciousness of the right that is sublime. In the

TWO INTRIGUING SISTERS

we have characters that are decidedly the author's own—resolute women doing wrong for a whole life, yet loving so well as to do ill for love's sake. It is a charmingly well-told heart and passion romance that will be perused with exceeding satisfaction.

Sunshine Papers.

A Managing Mamma.

Mrs. A. is an American, a wife, a mother, and a manager! At least all her friends acknowledge her to be the latter. Mrs. A. managed her household, her children, and her husband. She knew just what ought to be done in all cases, and said "let it be done," and it was done. Mrs. A. decided what school her children should attend, what they must study, and, having thoroughly American reverence for what is not American, that, to be properly finished, her children must travel a year abroad after leaving school. A year in Europe, she declared to admiring friends, was eminently essential to the completion of every young man's and woman's education.

Augustus and John were "finished." "Finished," that is, as far as they could be at home; and their managing mamma proceeded to make her arrangements for finishing them abroad in the approved style. Vainly Mr. A. mildly remonstrated that his financial situation would not admit of such a draft upon its resources as Mrs. A. demanded for a year's European tour. Mrs. A. was a manager, and Mrs. A. managed the finances. Said she, "Jonathan, there's our country residence. You and the girls can stay in town all the season and the farm can be sold. And when the girls are finished, and brought out, we can either board at some fashionable hotel, or times may be much better and you can buy another country place."

The farm was sold, and a housekeeper was hired to attend to the comforts of Mr. A. and the girls, and mamma and the boys started for Europe.

In a year mamma brought back the boys "quite finished," and one went into a mercantile house, where he still clerks it on six hundred a year, all of which salary that he can save from his board bills he expends in such costumes as correspond with the foreign air he has assumed since his finishing process. The other youth went into a drug store, at five hundred a year, and then ran away with a banker's daughter. Being unable to support his wife and two children, the parental anger was gradually merged into pity, and papa-in-law has taken the whole family home to live, and furnishes the son-in-law with a position and salary adequate to the keeping of the youth's own wardrobe in order, while mamma-in-law buys the clothes for the wife and children.

Mrs. A. wondered how it is that her sons, having been so brilliantly educated and finished, failed to do more brilliantly in life. Not that she spent any great amount of time in such unfruitful meditations, for the girls were yet to be "brought out." Their time to be finished came, and found Mrs. A.'s financial difficulties greater than ever. But this fact, and some opposition from the eldest daughter, who was receiving quiet devoted attentions from an only son of wealthy parents, proved no impediment to the mother's conscientious pursuance of the path of duty.

"Jonathan," said Mrs. A., "the girls must be properly finished. When they come home, and it is known that they have been fashionably educated, and have traveled for a year in Europe, they will, of course, make good matches and be off your hands." In vain Jonathan suggested that he did not see as his boys had done any better for their "finishing." Mrs. A. retorted that girls were not like boys, and Sarah and Jane positively must go to

France, and Mr. A. must mortgage the brown-stone house that the funds might be raised. The house was mortgaged, and Mrs. A. and Sarah, and Jane, bade good-by to quite a coterie of friends on the deck of a European steamer—among them Sarah's beau. And the friends went away and said that Sarah A. and Rob. F. were surely engaged.

And the girls were finished and brought home, and a grand reception given, and people generally remarked that they did not see as the Misses A. were in any way improved by their European tour unless assuming no end of airs could be considered an improvement, and Rob did not renew his attentions to Sarah, and other gentlemen kept clear of the very affected, consequential young ladies, and Mr. A.'s money matters failed to mend. But Mrs. A. was a manager, and kept matters going for some time with considerable eclat. Finally, however, the secret leaked out that Mrs. A. was taking boarders; and her acquaintances did not fail to spread the news and find in it considerable amusement.

Last week Mrs. A.'s house went under the hammer. Mrs. A.'s household goods were scattered toward the four corners of the globe, and the family have moved to a half-house, in a very unfashionable quarter, and the "finished" young ladies are looking for something to do! Their managing mamma has failed to secure them husbands, and has failed, at last, even in finding further resources, to fall back upon for their necessary support, and the young ladies are, now, ungratefully reproaching that estimable woman for spending so much money on "finishing them off," that they would now like to have, to invest in spring attire.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

HASTY JUDGMENTS.

PLEASE don't be so hasty in your judgment. Think a little before you decide and reflect calmly before you condemn.

It is better to err a little on the right side. By that I mean I think it is better to imagine a person has virtues until you find out his vices than to suspect he has vices when he has more virtues.

If you have a doubt as to a person being guilty, give him the benefit of the doubt and acquit him.

Do you remember that poor young actor, who died upon the stage of a Western theater? As he was undergoing the torment of agonizing pain, the audience laughed at him. As paralysis was coming upon him, he vainly endeavored to explain his position—they jeered at him. They did not mean to be cruel and heartless; they were hasty in their judgment, and believed the poor fellow to be drunk. This was most aggravating to think of, for the man was strictly temperate, and so the manager told the audience. Let us hope that that audience left the theater with the resolve in their hearts to be less hasty in their judgments in the future; and let us also hope they have kept to that resolve.

A person's pocket is picked on the railway train, or on the steamer; people are wont to disbelieve the story, and put down the teller as a liar. Of course he is a sharper—wants to avoid paying his fare—is either mean or dishonest. Many people might be classed in that catalogue, but not all. It's a bad enough predicament to be away from home and find out your loss, which is inconvenient and distressing enough of itself, without being classed in the category of swindlers. I am almost afraid to travel alone sometimes, on that very account. Now I don't pride myself on being good-looking, yet I've never been said to resemble a criminal, but if ever I should lose my pocket-book and ticket while traveling, I should not be the least surprised to hear a dozen voices perhaps two dozen—exclaim: "Only see the hump!" Doesn't she look every inch an impostor?"

Is it a pleasure to go shopping and imagine that some of the thousand little nick-nacks in the way of gloves, laces, handkerchiefs, displayed on the counter, will attract themselves to your sleeves and you suspected to be a shop-lifter?

I always want a seat by myself in the cars, unless some friend is with me, for if my neighbor wants to lose his or her watch, people might think I had taken it!

Too many innocent persons are suspected nowadays, and I think I shall get some one to write me a certificate of good character—will you give me one, Mr. Editor?—so that I can travel with more safety.

If you are a wife, and have to remain at home, and you hear that your husband is quite attentive to some female "down-town," don't get excited too easily, and don't have visions of a separation running through your mind. The female may be a relative—an old friend—one to whom his attention is due. Have a little more confidence in your husband; believe him to be true until you know otherwise, and all the rumors you hear concerning him, unfavorably as to his character, will go "in at one ear and out at the other."

We judge others too quickly, unthinking that they may come a time when others may judge us, and condemn us as we have condemned others, while we know we are innocent, but others will not think so of us, because we have been so uncharitable as to believe others guilty who were not so.

Just think of the lovers' quarrels that might have been prevented, all the harsh words that might never have been spoken, all the cruel deeds that might have been prevented, if persons had but been less hasty in their judgments, and had not been too proud—and foolish—to ask explanations!

We don't think about what we say; we are too apt to "flare up," to "get mad," we don't think we live in glass houses when we are flinging stones; we are too hasty.

Oh, dear, how I have hit myself in this essay! Well, perhaps you were not aware of the fact that Eve has many weak points, much in herself to correct, else she would not know the world was so faulty if she were faultless herself. If you doubt my word ask brother Tom, and he will tell you that my last remark was not a hasty judgment.

EVE LAWLESS.

FACT.—People cannot help having been born without tact; but there are occasions when it is almost impossible to be quite charitable to a tactless person. Yet people who have no tact deserve pity. They are almost always doing or saying something to get themselves into disgrace, or which does them an injury. They make enemies where they desire friends, and get a reputation for ill-nature which they do not deserve. They are also continually doing other people harm, treading on metaphorical corns, opening the cupboard where family skeletons are kept, angering people, shaming people, saying and doing the most awkward things, and apologizing for them with a still more terrible bluntness. If there is one social boon more to be desired than another it is tact; for without tact the career of the richest and most beautiful is often utterly marred.

Foolscap Papers.

Baby Show.

I WAS the proprietor of a baby show in our town last week, but not of the babies.

Anybody who has a baby likes to show it, and therefore it was well patronized.

People who did not have them borrowed them for the occasion.

There were about eight hundred on exhibition, and I did not know there were half so many in town. I think some of them were imported.

As a general rule the fathers stayed away, as they said they had enough of them at home. The show was a regular Baby-land, and when I surveyed it I thought of Babel. How the babes bab-bled!

As everybody thought they had the prettiest baby, all the babies in town were there, and were divided into two classes, boys and girls. It was the *loveliest* show of the season.

Although I was the manager of the show I failed in every attempt to manage.

The show was advertised only six months. The following prizes were offered:
For the newest baby present, \$10.
For the baby that had the best development of the lungs, \$10.

For the worst baby, a spanking.
For the baby that cried all night—its father to be the judge, \$10.
For the baby that has scratched the most eyes out, \$9.

To the baby whose mother thinks there is no other baby like it, 50c.
For the baby whose father thinks it the cross-est baby in town, \$8.

For the baby who stays awake to enjoy the most spanking before it can be induced to go to sleep and then don't, \$2.
For the best deaf and dumb baby, \$50.

For the ugliest baby, \$10. (As there were no entries for this prize it was not awarded.)
For the baby that is no trouble at all—the mother's word, not the father's, taken, \$15.

For the best-looking pair of twins—said twins to be related to each other, \$10.
For the best six months' boy, broke to harness, \$10.

For the neatest last spring baby whose mother don't think it a good deal better than some other babies, \$25.
For the quietest baby that was ever born, \$15.

For the sweetest baby that was ever cradled in the lap of ages, (its grandmother), \$15.
For the one who can hold the most molasses on its face and keep it there, \$10.

For the baby that has the longest fingernails, and can use them the most, \$10.
For the worst two-year-old unbroken young one, one dollar.

For the most vociferous baby that does not cry any longer than all night for the benefit of the occupants of the story above, \$1.
For the baby that can stretch its mouth so wide that it can turn the inside of its head out and squall, \$10.

For the baby who can kick so lively that you could not hold it in a clothes-basket, or a barrel, \$10.
For the noisiest household of young ones up to five years old, \$10.

For the best three-year-old baby that can tumble down stairs and then not stop squalling, \$15.
For the baby who can take hold of your beard the soonest, and let go of it the latest, \$10.

For the best-looking little red-headed baby with cross eyes and pigeon toes, \$10.
For the best two-year-old baby that can worm out of your hands like an eel in spite of all that you can do, the quickest, \$10.

For the baby that has the most hair—in its hands from your head, \$5.
For the best bottle-fed baby, \$10.

For the nicest little baby that was ever born into this world, \$25. (This offer I withdrew upon mature consideration, as I hadn't money enough for all.)

For the baby who so delights to be with its father that it will never leave his arms while he walks the floor all night to get up an appetite for breakfast, \$5.

For the baby that can slobber over your shirt-front without half-trying, \$10.
For the baby that can hold its breath the longest—if it is an extra cross one all the time, \$10.

For the finest-looking baby that can take castor oil the best, \$5.
For the sweetest little baby that doesn't attend this show, \$15.

No bachelors admitted unless in arms—of the girls.
The proceeds of the first night will be devoted to the purchase of pargoric and soothing syrup.

No old maids or old bachelors will be permitted on the list of judges.
Babies must be accompanied by parents or guardian, and in no case will they be allowed to come here alone.

Mothers will not be permitted to pinch their neighbors' babies and make them cross.
No baby will be allowed to cry any more than it wants to, and then if possible only one at a time.

Mothers will not be allowed to make disparaging remarks about other babies, even if they are better looking than their own.
The proprietor of this show asks as a favor that none of the infants will be left on his hands when the show is over.

Admission fifty cents.

The show lasted three nights, and the squalling was so terrific it took all the freeing off the walls, and the last night, after the prizes were distributed, there was a regular riot, and a crowd of mothers, accusing me of partiality, pounced down on me, and if I had not been rescued by the police there would not have been enough of me left to subscribe myself
WASHINGTON WHITEIRON.

"TAKE care of the pennies." Look well to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will be always poor. The art is not in making money but in keeping it. Little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald, straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale-jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than your blankets will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing, never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you will give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the saving's bank.

Topics of the Time.

—Curious fish are found in Wallow's Lake, California, which are blood red in color, very fat, and are superior in delicacy to salmon. There are only four known lakes in the world where these fish are found.

—The Prince of Montenegro was educated in Paris, and was one of the stars of his rhetoric class, in which he took several prizes. When he was graduated in '58 he was a tall young man with a pale and serious face expressive of energy.

—A Russian engineer named Peretiakoff has invented a sort of land monitor, in which artillery is in a tower, and drive about in battle, shooting as they go. The contrivance is moved by steam, and is about to be tested by the Government.

—Colonel S. S. Taylor, of Cairo, Ill., has carried in his valise for many years, while traveling, a rope ladder and a thick pair of gloves. At the burning of the Southern Hotel at St. Louis, where he was a guest, the ladder and gloves saved his life.

—The potato bug has more lives than a cat. An experiment was recently made in the central part of the State with some bugs frozen in a cake of ice. Upon placing the ice where the rays of the sun could strike, the bugs soon manifested signs of life, and became as lively as ever.

—In the recent great walking match at London, through constantly walking in one direction around the hall, O'Leary had the muscles of one leg contracted and a drop of at least three inches of the shoulder on the same side. The whole was a guest, the ladder and gloves saved his life.

—The dog-fish which Captain Boynton encountered while crossing the Straits of Messina was bravely engaged by the famous swimmer, who gave the ferocious animal a prompt and telling gash in the head with the long knife he carries in his girdle. The fish turned and fled, but without giving its antagonist a heavy blow with its tail, which bruised one of the captain's shoulders.

—The Princess Bismarck is said to be radiant over her husband's retirement. She considers his health, and doesn't want to hear anybody talk of his taking up active political life again. At a dinner given by the prince recently on the occasion of her birthday one of his guests proposed a toast on the early return of the chancellor to politics. Bismarck rose and touching glasses with his guests said: "To my deliverance."

—The late Ross Winans of Baltimore has left most of his property to his two sons, Dewitt Clinton Winans and Walter Scott Winans. He bequeathed the Society \$50 in the Winans' annuity of \$7,300, with the residence No. 51 Hollins St., the furniture in it, the carriages, etc., "to enable her to maintain, after his death, her present style of living," as expressed in the will. To be the lie of dower interest and of the provision in the marriage settlement.

—The advice "Go West" has been followed for some time, and the cry is now raised, "Young man, go back." The trouble appears to be that there has been a rush of Northern tramps to Texas; and the unusual picture of men begging their bread in the streets of Dallas has caused the people of that State to look upon the Texan journalist. The trouble is probably not so alarming as it seems, but it may be as well for those who think of rushing off to Texas without forethought to understand that the *Dallas Intelligencer* says, "Go back."

—The Agricultural Society of Nebraska had an " Arbor Day," Wednesday, April 25. On that day the Society pays \$50 to the person who plants the most trees, \$25 to the person who plants the most hard-wood trees, \$10 to whoever plants the most cuttings, and \$25 for the greatest number of trees planted by one man in the month of April. This system has been in operation several years, and has resulted in the creation of a large area of embryo forests, greatly needed in that State, where there is a large amount of prairie.

—The Royal Department of Agriculture, Prussia, regards potato-bugs as a synonym for famine, and cautions captains, sailors and passengers of vessels sailing between the United States and Germany to be most watchful in looking out for the bugs, their eggs, and larvae. They can do so by thoroughly examining all vegetables brought on board; even the earth which may be sticking to the potatoes can become a refuge for the eggs. Good potatoes packed in potato bags must also be searched. It is declared to be unlawful to import potatoes from America to Germany, or to take ashore potato-peel or kitchen refuse of any kind.

—Dom Pedro is an indefatigable and restless tourist, but there comes a time when Nature will have her rights, and she doesn't always take them conveniently to the emperor. Late, after a day's journey in energetically exploring a certain Italian city, he was obliged to attend in the evening some scientific conference. Seated in a comfortable chair, he appeared to listen with extraordinary attention to the oration of the occasion, and that gentleman, very much flattered, judged it wise to embody his discourse with an excessively pompous and diffuse eulogy of his imperial auditor. The rest of the audience thought it only polite to applaud his remarks, and immediately made a great noise. Dom Pedro, waking suddenly out of a long and sound nap, imagined that this applause was addressed to the scientific opinions of the lecturer, and instantly began to clap his hands with a convinced and instructed air. Tableau!

The growth of this country is well shown by the fact that the man is still alive who after nine years built the first railway engine made on this continent. That man is our esteemed and philanthropic citizen, Peter Cooper. He built the engine, after his own designs, in Baltimore, little over thirty years ago, and it was successfully operated on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. Mr. Cooper was the first person to apply with success anthracite coal to the pudding of iron, which he did in a rolling and wire mill that he had erected in this city. He afterward removed the machinery to Trenton, N. J., where he erected the largest rolling mill at that time (1849) in the United States for the manufacture of railway iron, and at which he was subsequently the first to roll wrought-iron beams for fire-proof buildings. Mr. Cooper was 76 last February, and feels as deep an interest in the country and in all its people, particularly the laboring classes, as when he reared that noble monument to his memory and their advantage, the Cooper Institute.

—There was 80 years old on the 16th of April. He has excellent health and suffers from nothing more serious than a slight nervous twitching of the eyelids. Recently, when some one expressed surprise at his incomparable and invulnerable state of age, he answered, "Thiers that at Versailles, near the end of the last war, he was alone with Bismarck in a badly-ventilated hotel room, disputing conditions; and at the end of a sharp discussion of three hours, worn out with fatigue, he resumed his arguments in a voice quite exhausted. 'You cannot go on,' said M. de Bismarck; 'you would do well to rest yourself a little; here is a sofa; stretch yourself out and sleep for a couple of hours, after which we will resume negotiations.' 'And you?' said M. Thiers. 'Oh! I have no time to rest,' replied the Chancellor; 'while you sleep I shall finish some dispatches and look over my papers.' M. Thiers was nearly asleep, when M. de Bismarck, perceiving that his legs were not covered and fearing lest he should be cold, gently stretched a fur cloak over him. Two hours later negotiations were recommenced.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "From Shore to Shore," "The Passenger," "June's Eve," "A Memento," "They are Waiting," "Wooing and Weeping," "When True Hearts Meet," "The Rose and Lily," "Trace Dawson's First Sorrow," "The Hurt Heart," "Spending Diamonds."

Declined: "Saved at Last," "Virtue," "A Night of Peril," "The Two Spirits," "Will She Marry?" "A Novice in Love," "The Tryal," "Miss Miller's Strange Speech."

MERCY. The gentleman named is married, and is about thirty-five years of age.

ARCADIA. One-Armed Alf is out of print. We cannot supply papers so far back.

T. F. Jr. Sketch good enough for use, but we have a surplus of that class of matter.

ODIPUS. We do not care for puzzles, leaving that class of matter to the youth papers.

DEATH SHOT. Cannot supply the back numbers indicated. The poetry quoted is written by some experienced hand.

EMMA CLARK. Send along the poem, of course. It makes not the slightest difference to us whether the author has "a name" or is "unknown to fame." So long as the poem is worthy, and we can find room for it, it gives us great pleasure to put it in print.

TOMMY. The poem "Never Told a Lie," credited to the Boston *Norfolk Evening Gazette*, was "collected" from Joe Jot, by whom it was written for this paper. His g of things are flying all through the press of the country uncredited. He writes only for the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

MAY. The gentleman takes an unwarrantable liberty. Even if he was your brother, he would not be justified in such liberties in the presence of company. Express yourself as hurt in feelings at his conduct, and if he does not see the matter in your light, absolutely refuse his company. If he really loves you that will bring him to his good senses.

BOY ROVER. There are many tribes of Indians that have deserted the wild life of savages for the peaceful pursuits of civilization. All the tribes moved from the States are largely self-supporting. The Wyandots were so before the removal. Only a remnant of the Delawares and Pottawatomies now exist. The Hurons and Ottawas long since ceased to exist as a tribe. The remnant of the old "Six Nations" still live in Canada.

WILLIAM WREED. You can learn to make fancy articles, frames, brackets, boxes, baskets, etc., by purchasing a scroll saw and a box of designs and book of instructions. The whole will not cost you a great deal, and you will find it a pretty and useful employment. There is no reason why you should not earn something by your work. You can make in producing pretty brackets you will, doubtless, find ready sale for them in your village.

JENNIE H. H. The new purses, used by ladies for silver coin, are mostly made of steel or silver wire setting with a fringe at the bottom and clasped top; the old style long netted purses of silk with steel slides upon them, are again becoming popular. Ladies can make these purses for themselves. The ends are completed by tassels of steel beads. Netting is pretty, graceful work, and the purses are both useful and ornamental, and make a pretty gift.

AN ASPIRANT. Many of our colleagues have a "Law Department," but by far the greater number of law students simply "read law" in some lawyer's office—hence a literal swarm of pen-fingers and "practitioners" who are no credit to the profession. Don't think of becoming a lawyer unless you have first-class talent for his peculiar claims, and next unless you can go to law school, and have a course of study and training. Of course you ought to read Latin.

BENNY JOHNS. The expression "gold lady's watch" is correct, but would be better written "lady's gold watch." A gold watch is a lady's watch. "He woke up to find them all collected together." This is a double tautology of expression. Say "He woke up to find them all collected." Many pretty corrected writers make both these errors. Also, never say or write the uncouth form "cannot but help thinking," etc. You mean "can but help," etc.

MILTON FIELDING. You can get invitations for a wedding engraved upon wood by applying to any large stationers. The usual ring used as a guard to a wedding ring is made of ordinary gold, chased gold, in the different shades of the ore. Gentlemen do not wear the plain gold ring very largely in this country; but upon the European continent, especially among the Germans, every married man wears a wedding-ring upon the third finger of his left hand, to correspond with his wife's.

NEW HAMPSHIRE says: "Can you tell me how to clean black alpaca and black cashmere, to make them look neatly? To clean alpaca, wash in cold breadths and soak them, something over twelve hours in a pailful of cold salted water; rinse, and wash through a water made blue as indigo with indigo. Hang up to dry without wringing, and while yet slightly damp iron upon the wrong side. Wash cashmere off with a sponge, and a solution of borax and water, on the right side; press while damp on the wrong side.

MRS. M. O. N. asks how old a child should be before her mother puts corsets on her? We would advise mothers with little daughters never to put corsets upon them. As long as a child is a child, she is a princess and gabielle suite, where all the weight of the dress is suspended from the shoulders. Girls never subjected to tight lacing, and who are wearing the entire weight of the clothing suspended from the shoulder, and used to plenty of air and exercise, will grow up perfectly healthy and more beautiful of form than if laced to death.

NETTIE Y. We must absolutely refuse to give any young lady recipes for the use of such drugs as will surely injure her health. Good health is one of the greatest blessings heaven bestows upon mortals, and no one possessing it should ever have sense would seek to gain some trifling point of beauty at the expense of personal injury. If you are robust and strong, and have a healthy complexion, and joyously along its channels, your eyes will be quite attractive without the use of any dangerous experiments for dilating them. A few drops of eau de Cologne dropped upon your hair, and a harmless practice, which you may try if you choose, for brightening them. If you have nice brows and lashes do not meddle with them.

MIDIE WILLCOFFS writes: "I am in serious trouble, and am so filled with doubts and anxieties, and am so annoyed by scolding and advice from many people, that I have resolved to trust to your kind and impartial judgment in my present dilemma. I became acquainted with a gentleman (whose name I cannot love dearly. He is handsome, educated, refined, and very affectionate; but my parents have discovered that he is somewhat fast, and they are determined that I shall not marry him. At the same time I have a suitor whom they are striving to make me marry, though they know that he is a bad man, and I can treat him decently. He is much older than I, a widower with children, coarse, uneducated, and stingy; but a well-to-do farmer. My lover knows all that my parents have said, and he says he will love me, and promises to be all that they or I could desire; but my folks say I shall never marry him with their consent. I am old enough to do as I like. What ought I to do? One man I love with all my heart, the other I despise." Do not marry a man you despise. Our advice is to absolutely refuse to marry either for a year or two, and by waiting give your lover a chance to fulfill his promises of reform and win your parents' regard. If he does so, and you, yourself, are fully convinced of his sincerity, and the unchanged regard of both parties, you may then marry him, without consulting other persons. Remember, it is a life choice, and patient waiting and future gain is better than to "marry in haste and repent at leisure."

MINNIE EAGAR, writes: "What is the proper dress for a gipsy maid to wear at a masquerade? Is there any wash or cosmetic which will remove moth spots from the skin? What style of earrings is most fashionable now?" Wear short, gay woolen stuff petticoat with another skirt above, a trifle shorter, of darker stuff, spotted with yellow or scarlet, striped with ribbon velvet or velvet color, low at the neck and short or half-short sleeves. The hair should fall down around the shoulders, only confined with strings of pearls or coins. Chains of gilt, or long strings of beads, should plentifully adorn the arms and the costume. Wear black hose with scarlet boots and velvet bows. A gay mantle, with a hood and trimmings of gilt lace should be fastened carelessly about the shoulders. No. You must eradicate the moth patches by a course of medicine and careful regime. Eat light, broiled meats, vegetables, coarse bread, and avoid all fried food, pastries and puddings. Use figs, tomatoes, mustard seed, and all seeds fruits freely. Get your druggist to make you a quantity of taraxacum pills (extract of dandelion root), and take

AMOR VINCIT.

BY HENRY ARSTEN.

Tantalizing weakness!
Spell-bound—oh, for shame!
By a pair of blue eyes
Lit by love's bright flame!

How should I be stricken
By two love-lit eyes?
I, so philosophic,
I, so wondrous wise?

I, by pride elated,
Never dreamt, oh, no!
That a woman's fancy
Could my will subdue.

I, to care for woman!
Who the sex abhorred;
Wondered what was in them
That could be adored:

Took them for pert triflers;
Painted butterflies;
Giddy laughter; mock-herols,
Empty enticements:

Laughed at tender glances,
Sneered at heaving sighs,
Looked on declarations
But as gilded lies:

Watched the gaudy shadows
In my stole pride;
Smiled at their endeavors
Empty heads to hide.

Heartiest welcome smile they
On the rich man's son;
Noses turn up at him
When the play is done.

Pledging at the altar
Love that knows no death;
Making of the froside
But a hell on earth—

Woman—I have called her
Quintessence of life;
Taken to her bosoms
To turn and kill:

Golden, roseate apple,
Core but poisoned ash;
Hollow, heartless nothing,
Born to lies and flash.

I had watched the mother
School her bright-eyed girl
How to lace her bodice,
How to adjust a curl.

She, a willing pupil,
Scarcely needs aught;
Mother Nature's taught her
Well to play her part.

And I thought that never
Girl would be to me
More than painted picture,
Pretty, true, to see!

Vase of Nature's carving,
Wondrous piece of art,
Study for a sculptor,
Thing without a heart!

And yet too tiny, fleet,
Fattening along,
Cause my heart to beat like
Drum in battle's throng.

Magnet as'er was pole-witched
More than witched am I
By the mellow luster
Of a beaming eye.

And I would not give my
Love for all the loves
Ever turned half or crazy
Wiser heads than Jove's.

What the End Was.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"Una's caprice," said Mrs. Delabar, Una's married sister, with a scornful accent. "There is no use attempting to account for her wayward freaks. Mother will not and I cannot keep her under control. Your opinion would have weight with her, if you chose to exert it, Jerome. If it were my case I would not like my fiancée to make associates of that sort."

Jerome Carlisle had his back squared against a pillar, not that the pillar needed propping up, indeed, but he was constitutionally lazy, and one might fancy that he had registered a vow in heaven or elsewhere never to stand upright while a support stood which would afford him a leaning place.

"Ah, yes; if it were your case there would be all the difference in the world. I hope you are not going to judge me by that faithless Delabar, though. When my heart ceases to point to the load star of my existence—"

"Nonsense! Don't be ridiculous, please. If I had any fear for you, do you suppose I would take the trouble to put the teaching creature in your thoughts? If we pair her off with that Mr. Lorrimer she will not be very much in the way, and I want your co-operation in doing it."

"Mrs. Delabar turning matchmaker! By Jove! it strikes me Lorrimer is capable of sparing you the trouble. Pity the only available gentleman of the lot of us should be such a general favorite, isn't it? You generous soul, don't fret. Rather than the new addition to our party should feel herself slighted, I'll endure the boredom of trying to do the agreeable myself. A teacher, did you say? An intellectual damsel then, I suppose. It's a deuced deal of trouble, but I'll furnish up my wits and be ready for her."

"He stood there like Patience on a monument," said Mrs. Delabar, relating the conversation to her mother later; and, upon my word, I don't know now whether he was half-asleep or laughing in his sleeve at her anxiety. While you persist in remaining blind where Claude Lorrimer is concerned, I must be skeptical regarding human penetration."

"Lucette is never happy unless she is harping on some grievance which has its existence in her imagination only," said Una, who, pausing upon the threshold had heard the remark. "What that poor Mr. Lorrimer has done to merit her antagonism is one of those things which no one may find out. Best tell me that Miss Wallis has come. Have either of you seen her?"

"Not I," Mrs. Delabar answered for herself, curtly.

"My dear," said Mrs. Brooke, "I left orders that the young person should be shown up to her room directly she should arrive, and—"

"And it is quite time the young person was having some attention paid her," cut in Una, imperiously. "I told you, Lucette, and I tell you now, mamma, I am not going to have Bertha Wallis majestically snubbed as music-teachers generally are in this house. It was very well while it was Miss Hagge, snuffy old thing! but poor little Bertha has quite enough of shadow life in that dingy seminary. I know all about her from the preceptress, and I am bound she shall have a glimpse of sunshine now if never before."

She passed on with that, singing as she went in the same spirit of defiance which shone forth from her brightly handsome face:

"My day is to-day, and to-morrow for thee;
But when shall that to-morrow be?"

"When, indeed?" thought Mrs. Delabar, grimly. "What with the stupidity of all these people it is likely to be when too much of your own sweet will loses you the best catch of a lifetime, my dear."

Bertha Wallis came timidly forward as that radiant apparition entered. It seemed like a dream to her yet, the piece of good fortune which had wafted her to Brooke Villa. It was

a very practical affair so far as Madame Lanier, the preceptress, was concerned. Every year since Una Brooke graduated from her establishment Madame had received a present when the family came down to their country-house, and very willingly sent her music-teacher to play polkas and waltzes to the gay young company thronging the villa from the time of their coming until their departure. That the young pupil-teacher had been promoted to fill the vacancy occasioned by Miss Hagge's withdrawal—at one-half the latter's salary and her full capability—would not, in Madame hoped, disappoint the expectations of her kind patrons at Brooke Villa.

Una, conducting the interview, glanced at Miss Wallis where she was walking in the grounds, and with a quick glow rising over her face, professed herself satisfied.

She gave her another look now, put her arm about her shoulders impulsively and kissed her cheek.

"You dear little thing!" she said. "You are even prettier than I thought you were."

"It was so kind of you to think of letting me come here."

"Very kind, indeed." A touch of dryness in Una's voice. "You will probably think so still more when you find what a dissipated set we are, and you are kept out of bed to unconscionable hours jingling tunes when you ought to be gathering new force against the martyrdom of next term. I should think you had enough of that sort of thing at school."

"It is nice to get away from running the gamut forever," confided Bertha, naively.

"And you really like it here?"

"Like it!" The words were too tame. "Oh, how happy—how happy—how happy you must be. Do you know, Miss Brooke, you are the first person I ever saw who had everything that could possibly want."

"Everything I want, you unsophisticated child! Yes, I have everything"—finished under her breath with—"but my heart's desire."

Mr. Carlisle opened his eyes when the "intellectual damsel" first passed before his sight. A little creature, rosy and dimpled and bright, with fair hair and dark eyes, her dress of soft, gauzy blue, with puffs of snowy illusion and the gleam of Roman pearls, which he, in his masculine innocence, thought infinitely more becoming than the point lace and Ceylon pearls worn by Mrs. Delabar. Una was like a royal rose beside this charming little daisy, and yet—

"Well, who can give any reason for the unreasoning course taken by that perverse emotion, sweetest and strongest in the youthful heart. We know individuals whom we admire ardently and respect sincerely, but we do not lose our heads and hearts on their behalf. We have none of the pain of bliss and foolish rapturous flutterings in their presence. Along comes another, in no way so brilliant or so admirable, and behold! the mischief is done."

We never stop to ask why after that, but are content with the fact, and so was Mr. Carlisle. Not that he came to an understanding with himself that first evening, nor for many afterward, but all the same, the mischief was done—done, despite the fact that remained of his betrothal to Una Brooke.

"I might have spared myself my troublesome researches," he said to Mrs. Delabar. "I'll be able to make myself intelligible there without cramping."

"Were you cramping when I saw you with Eugénie Grandet? I thought you were dreaming."

"It would have been of Belzac's 'Girl with the Golden Eyes,' had I seen Miss Wallis then."

Mrs. Delabar was not listening very intently. She was watching, with scarcely concealed impatience, a couple who walked on the moonlit piazza; she fancied she could see the droop of Claude Lorrimer's head, the dreamy tenderness of his handsome, poetic face and swept away to put a temporary check upon her sister's flirtation with that audacious young man. That it was more than a flirtation Mrs. Delabar's pride of caste would not permit her to think.

"But," reasoned the astute matron, "if Jerome ever wakes up enough to realize how she is trifling with the other, he will just coolly give her her liberty, and cut clear of the whole affair. He has Spartan stuff under his indolent guise."

She had the pleasant remembrance afterward that it was herself sent Una in to relieve Bertha at the piano; that it was herself kept Lorrimer discussing art subjects; that it was due to her Mr. Carlisle devoted himself to Bertha uninterruptedly for a couple of hours, floating through a mazy waltz, looking over engravings, talking more animatedly than Jerome often roused himself to do. Bertha could talk, he found, frankly and sensibly, a state of affairs he had never known before with such wax-like prettiness. Her charm lay in her utter forgetfulness of self, perhaps.

That was the beginning. The end came soon—soon, counting the days and weeks, but long enough to compress heaven in one restful period of earthly existence for Bertha. Life had been a hard struggle with her, but she had made the best of it. Why should she not enjoy the sunshine and the flowers; its sweets, though she was only an humble toiler in the universal hive.

It was that unvarying brightness of hers set Carlisle to thinking, and a direct cause of the result was the merest trifle. Una and Bertha chanced to be placed side by side, both silent and absorbed for the moment, and Jerome, unobserved, watched the play of those two faces. A shadow had come over Una's brilliant beauty, he could trace lines of anxiety marring her smooth brow, but the expression, passionate, painful, longing, baffled him. He read the signs of a nature at war with itself, but vaguely. What cause had she for a restless familiar when Bertha's serene loveliness shone forth undimmed?

Una left the room while that train of thought filled his mind, and somehow—he never knew how—before he had fairly decided to gain freedom and eventually declare the passion he no longer attempted to conceal from himself, it found its way into words. A torrent of words, once they broke forth, passionate and pleading, which opened up the future for Bertha through a golden fairyland of which she had scarcely dared to dream.

Miss Wallis!

It was Mrs. Delabar coming upon the scene, which one glance from her keen eyes read through. It was Mrs. Delabar who, five minutes later, put an end to Bertha's briefly happy dream.

"It is not necessary that I should comment upon Mr. Carlisle's actions," said Mrs. Delabar, icily. "His engagement with my sister is no secret. I simply wish to warn you, Miss Wallis, that people are apt to make ill-natured remarks when a gentleman in his position is led to a show of devotion, where, unincumbered, he would not bestow a serious thought."

Poor little Bertha, innocent of every inten-

tion to mislead, stole away, feeling as if she had been under the lash of a scorpion tongue. She went into Una's room that night, having passed the intervening hours in her own.

"I must go away," she faltered; "back to the seminary."

Una, sitting idly by the window, turned.

"Why, Bertha! You are not in earnest, surely! You shall not leave me so abruptly." Then as Bertha persisted: "What is at the bottom of this sudden resolution, my dear? Something, I know."

Bertha was too eminently truthful to say "Nothing," as most girls would have done.

"I cannot tell you. I am not ungrateful to you, Miss Brooke, but I must go back."

Una was too considerate to urge her further.

"I will see that some one drives you over in the morning, then," she said. The moment Bertha was gone she left her room, passed down the silent stairway, out into the night, and so on to the stable where which was the coachman's room, and surprised honest Jen by volunteering him a leave of absence for the next two days.

The younger people had gone riding next morning, Mrs. Brooke, who was half an invalid, had not left her room, and Mrs. Delabar was closeted with the housekeeper, when Bertha came down in her simple outdoor attire. She was leaving the villa with as little attention as she had entered there, but with a weight of dull misery bearing down her joyous spirit now.

A light of surprise flashed over her face as Jerome came forward to meet her. He explained very quickly that he was to drive her over in place of Jen, absent.

If she had expected he would renew his protestations of the previous day, she was mistaken. Very little was said during the earlier part of the ride. The horse, a spirited thoroughbred, went at a quick, untiring pace, bearing them swiftly over the dusty high-road, and through green country lanes. At last the glaring red brick walls of the seminary were visible, and Bertha pointed the building out to him just before they entered a fringe of grove overhanging a deep, dark ravine.

He turned to her then as the cool shadow of the wood fell over them, speaking hurriedly:

"There is something I wish to say to you which I am not free to say yet. I think I shall be soon. Forgive me for yesterday, and say that I may come to see you to-morrow."

The truth was, he had endeavored to have an interview with Una before setting out, but she had baffled him. What Bertha's answer would have been will never now be known.

At the instant some unseen sportsman near fired his piece. Startled by the report, Carlisle's horse made a sudden spring which jerked the reins from his hand. He leaned forward and strove to regain them, shouting to the horse, but the frenzied creature was past obeying his command; it made a mad plunge forward, for the space of a breath they were poised upon the brink above the ravine, then all went over the precipitous steep.

The next Bertha knew was the horror of seeing Carlisle pinned fast by the body of the dead horse, himself as white and still as death. She never felt her own hurts. She strove frantically, with futile efforts, to release him from that crushing weight. Failing, she crept down to the rivulet which trickled through the shadow below, and wetting her handkerchief bathed his pallid face, chafing his hands and calling his name in that agony which would not permit her to remain inactive.

She had thought him dead from the first, but a change came. The closed lids lifted, and a passion as strong as life was in the look. "I think I am dying," he said, in a weak whisper. "Dearest love, remember—I de—love you."

She had stooped low to catch those feeble accents. It was as if the wavering spirit had been recalled to give her that assurance, for afterward carved marble could not have seemed more lifeless than he. Feeling strangely quiet and numb, Bertha also felt that all the glory of life had fled for her.

It was not strange that she had a fever after that day's shock. When consciousness came again, she was in her own bed in a corner of the big, silent dormitory, with the preceptress standing over her. She had no recollection of forgetfulness; memory came to her with her first awaking. She asked but one question.

"Who did he die?"

"Who, my dear? Oh, Mr. Carlisle. He did not die at all. He is almost entirely recovered, I believe, although we do not hear now as when he was at the villa. They all left there soon after Una's marriage. You are not to talk, my dear."

Bertha had no desire to talk after that. She had no desire to live, but despite her wish life prevailed. A life so flat and dreary, so barren of all promise or hope, he wondered if she would ever become reconciled to it. She was wondering that for the hundredth time as a gentleman came through the grounds, and was directed to the sunny south room where the convalescent sat. She gave a breathless cry as he appeared before her, and pressed her hands hard above her fiercely-beating heart.

"My love! My darling! At last!"

She kept him back by a repellant gesture.

"Mr. Carlisle, you forget. Una—your wife—"

"I have no wife. I will have none except you. Have they not told you? Do you not know that Una eloped with Lorrimer and married him that day, and so gave me the freedom I would have asked?"

And surely, further, record is not required to go.

Sowing the Wind;

OR,
THE PRICE SHE PAID.BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "VIALS OF WRATH," "WAS SHE HIS WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

A GIRL'S HUMILIATION.

THE trio that gathered around the breakfast-table at Westwood that morning were outwardly as usual—pleasant, courteous, well-dressed, but to Rose St. Felix' keen perception there was something very decidedly amiss in Jocelyne, while on Mr. Ithamar's pale, grave face she read the signs of the conflict he had undergone through the long, woful hours of the night.

Her interest was instantly on the quiet. Was there a mutual trouble between them? Was it possible that Mr. Ithamar had found it past his strength to keep his secret longer, and in a moment of passion and weakness told Jocelyne he loved her?

Her eyes shone with lurid gleams among their beautiful blue shadows at the very thought, and, as with pleasant outward seeming she laughed and chatted in her most enchanting way, she was mentally resolving that such a thing, although it might occur, for that was beyond her power to restrain, still, Jocelyne Merle never

should come between her and the man she had sworn to love by fair means or foul.

Jocelyne was quieter than usual, and Mr. Ithamar noticed she ate very little, and that her eyes were heavy and drooping, but he said nothing at the time beyond a courteous inquiry after her health which she answered with her usual sweet, gracious smile.

After breakfast Mr. Ithamar retired to his library, his usual custom; Rose dressed for a walk in the park, hoping to banish the last traces of her nervous prostration, and Jocelyne went directly back to her room, where a bright, cheery fire was burning in the open grate, before which her maid had wheeled a low silken couch.

"You complained of being so chilly, Miss Jocelyne. Lie down, and I will throw the afghan over you," said the girl, thoughtfulness, and obeyed, but she could not lie quietly. It seemed as though some restless fever possessed her, that made it equally impossible for her to repose physically or mentally. For an hour or more she alternately paced to and fro through the suit of rooms and endeavored to lie quietly on the couch. Then, when it seemed to her her nervous excitement was too keen to endure, she directed her maid to go to the library and ask Mr. Ithamar if he would come to her, that she would wait him, particularly, and at once.

The urgent message startled Mr. Ithamar, and he laid down his pen instantly.

"Miss Jocelyne is ill, I am sure. You had better tell Jonas to go for Dr. Payne, while I go upstairs."

The girl seemed reluctant to obey the hurried order.

"Please excuse me, sir, but I don't think Miss Jocelyne is sick, at least not now, not sick enough for a doctor. She seems in distress of mind, sir—and please don't tell her I said it, but she never went to her room at all last night."

Mr. Ithamar's face paled.

"Never went to her room at all! Pauline, what do you mean?"

"She was in the drawing-room, sitting in the big yellow chair until near daylight this morning, sir; I went softly in and out, to watch her, all night, but she didn't notice it, sir. And this morning, early, she came to her room, and hadn't been in bed but a few minutes when she fainted, and lay a long while in her room."

Mr. Ithamar's face blanched still more.

"And you never called me—you never alarmed the house! Pauline, how dared you?"

She looked earnestly at him.

"Indeed, faints are nothing, and Miss Jocelyne often has them. She's not as strong as one would think, sir."

"Not strong," his darling, his one ewe lamb that he would so love to carry in his breast forever! His stern lips quivered, and he turned his face away.

"Tell Miss Jocelyne I will go to her at once," he said, and almost by the time the message was delivered he was tapping at her door.

Jocelyne's low, sweet voice answered him promptly, making every nerve in his body quiver at the sound of it, and he went into her room, that was so sunny and warm and womanly in all its elegance of luxury.

Jocelyne had left the lounge, and was sitting in a low spring rocker beside the fire, looking so pitifully pale, with her big dark eyes looking at him with all the wistfulness she felt, her sweet mouth quivering with her woe.

Mr. Ithamar took a seat on the couch, alarmed at her appearance.

"Jocelyne, why, Jocelyne! Pauline said you were not ill, and you certainly are. I shall send for Dr. Payne at once!"

He arose to go to the dressing-room in search of Pauline, but Jocelyne reached out her hand restraining him.

"Don't, Guard! Really I am not sick—only troubled." Sit down, I have something to talk to you about."

She was speaking very gravely, and Mr. Ithamar saw the effort it took for her to restrain her emotion. He sat down again, and took her icy little hand.

"What is the matter, my little girl? You can tell me freely, you know. Consider me your elder brother, your father, if you will, to whom you would naturally look for sympathy and advice."

His grave, loving tones touched her very heart. Her lips quivered, her breast heaved, her eyes overflowed and she sobbed like a little child.

"Oh, Guard, Guard, I am afraid I never can tell you, after all! I am—am—ashamed! I can't tell you!"

Her words came in piteous means between her sobs and tears that convulsed her dainty frame, that made Mr. Ithamar's face pale with emotion, that made his strong, suffering heart throb fiercely. But, he controlled the surging feelings, and when he placed his arm affectionately around Jocelyne's shoulders, and drew her toward him, chair and all, and laid her dusky head against his own, she only recognized the infinite tenderness of the action.

"Now, Jocelyne, my dear little one, whatever is your trouble, I must know it; I will share it with you. Tell me, Jocelyne, at once."

His voice, though tender, was authoritative, and as he spoke, he lifted her pale, piteous face, with its tear-dimmed eyes, compelling her gaze.

"You will despise me; I can't, I can't, oh, Guard!"

She dropped her eyes, and a quick, burning flush suffused her face.

"You know I will never do that, dear. I am waiting, Jocelyne—has it anything to do with Mr. Richmond?"

She nodded swiftly, then her face paled again. He watched her with outward calmness and patience, but within—vague, suffocating sensations were rising.

A moment of silence followed that he broke.

"What has he said, or done, or left undone to grieve you thus?"

The direct question stabbed her to the heart as she realized all the shame that was hers in being obliged to confess herself rivaled in the affliction of her betrothed lover.

She suddenly sprang from her chair, walking across the room, wringing her fair hands.

"Guard, please don't ask me! It was wrong in me to send for you—I must not tell you. I cannot! You will never respect me again!"

What could she mean? A sudden ecstasy sprang to Mr. Ithamar's eyes, and was irradiated over his grand, patient face.

"Jocelyne," he said, and his heart throbbed so that his voice quivered, "Jocelyne, can it be that you have consented to—to love him?"

His tones, his ardor compelled her glance. A crimson stain warmed the lily purity of her face for the one moment their eyes met. Her breath came a sudden, hurried tumult, then her eyes sunk in swift confusion.

"Oh, no," she answered, after a moment's pause, as though she feared a longer silence, and would have said anything to break it.

"Then, Jocelyne, if you love him, there is no trouble you cannot endure."

The glory faded sharply from his eyes, and the shadow from her drooping face, and a silence that was almost awful followed. Then, so suddenly that it startled him, Jocelyne stepped up to him, pale and forcibly composed.

"Guard, it is he who does not love me!"

Mr. Ithamar gazed at her in perfect bewilderment.

"Not love you—not love you, Jocelyne; I can not understand it."

"Neither can I," she returned, brokenly, in a pained, grave voice.

"—last night—and then I found this."

She did not raise her eyes as she handed him the letter Kenneth Richmond had dropped, but he saw the womanly shame and pain on her face as he took it, without a word, and read it through, while she stood before him, her lovely head drooped, her hands clasped at arm's length.

When he had finished he looked up at her.

"My poor little girl! Well, Jocelyne, and what shall you do?"

She looked at him with eager eyes.

"Guard, what shall I do? He—he—I could not—marry him when he loves—some one else."

"Guard?"

The hot tears came springing to her woful

eyes again, and he thought how she must love him!

What should he advise her? What was he to say that should not be tainted with prejudice, the prejudice of his own great passion for this girl? And as he thought, his anger and rage rose against the man who had dared with his jewels under such vile circumstances—who dared think of another woman while his troth was pledged to Jocelyne.

And Jocelyne saw the flush on his face, and the flash in his eyes, and the stern compression of his lips.

"You are not going to be angry with me for telling you, Guard, are you?"

She laid her hand impulsively on his arm.

"Angry with you, my—Jocelyne!" and he accompanied the words with a glance of reproof into the pleading, pitiful eyes. "Never angry with you, little girl—I was fearing perhaps if I said just what I thought, you might be angry with me."

"Oh, no, indeed! I want you to tell me just what I ought to do, Guard, and I will obey you."

Tell her what she ought to do! And she would obey him! If he only dare tell her to forget Kenneth Richmond, and come to him for his very own love forever!

But, that was the prompting of selfishness, so Mr. Ithamar did not say it. Instead, he led Jocelyne gravely to a chair, and seated himself beside her.

"I promised to advise you to the best of my ability," he said, very gently, very kindly, "and I will tell you, frankly, that I am not surprised to read this letter, because I have always entertained strange misgivings regarding Mr. Richmond, which I hesitated not only to speak to you about knowing you loved him so, but to accept myself, because I really had no tangible, reasonable excuse for my impressions. I have felt, rather than known, Jocelyne, that there was something in Mr. Richmond's character that was not in accord with the purity of your own. I have been tormented with doubts and fears that you would some day be disappointed in him, but I tried for the sake of your love for him to regard these feelings as impossible chimeras, and had endeavored to satisfy myself that it was only my jealous care for your good that prompted them. I see now, my instincts were correct. Yes, Jocelyne, if you love him still, and you admitted that a few minutes ago—if you love him, your woman's heart will find excuse for this breach of fidelity, I suppose."

Jocelyne's eyes gazed steadfastly into the fire.

"I have always thought and felt that a true woman's love should remain steadfast and loyal under all circumstances—in tribulation, or in shame, in sorrow, or in happiness."

She said the words in a low, gentle voice that went straight to his heart.

"And you are a true woman, little girl! It remains for you to decide your own destiny."

He had arisen, and was standing before her, his face so eloquent with grave misery, when Pauline rapped lightly at the door.

"If you please, Miss Jocelyne, Mr. Richmond wishes you in the drawing-room immediately, if convenient."

Jocelyne glanced up in Mr. Ithamar's eyes, that smiled cheerfully, encouragingly in her pale, woful face.

He stooped and touched her chilly forehead with his lips, as he passed out.

"Be true to yourself, Jocelyne. Follow the dictates of your heart, and all will be well."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

THE consternation of Kenneth Richmond upon discovering that he had lost the letter which he had prized himself no one would ever know he possessed, much less Jocelyne Merle, can well be imagined—better imagined than described.

He did not miss it from his pocket that night of his return from Westwood, but almost the first thing in the morning he made the discovery, to his horror, fear and chagrin.

His first impulse was to tell Saint, but a second thought of the sarcastic smile and quiet scorn he would have to endure hastily decided him to keep his own counsel.

His next decision was to pay no attention to it. He found the envelope safely enough in his pocket, and until he recalled the contents of the letter, word for word, with a memory sharpened by the peculiarity of the circumstances, he thought there was nothing to condemn him in the letter, as no names were used. But, in recalling sentence after sentence, he realized there was sufficient to brand him disloyal to this fair, peerless girl, whom he had never loved so well as at this time, when he feared she was lost to him.

Then he resolved to ride over to Westwood, with bold front, and ascertain how the land lay. He could tell by Jocelyne's demeanor to him whether or not she had seen or knew of the letter, and if she had not, he was ready with a plausible invention that would make her deny the evidence it contained if it should come to her later, through a servant's hand.

His feelings were not particularly enviable as he rode over from Sunset Hill, but he kept stubbornly on, desperately resolved to make his very boldness conquer Fate, in case Jocelyne had seen the indubitable proof of his falsity.

He had given his horse to a groom, and sent up his message to Jocelyne and was standing impatiently by the window, in a fever of inward excitement, when he heard her light foot-fall crossing the room toward him.

He turned eagerly to greet her, but was petrified to speechlessness at sight of her wan face, in such vivid contrast to the fire in her dark eyes.

Her voice, sweet, gracious as usual, broke the embarrassment he was beginning to feel:

"Mr. Richmond, good-morning!"

And then, despite the sweetness, the graciousness, the well-bred courtesy of her tone and manner, he knew she knew the worst. The critical moment was at hand, and nothing remained but to do as he had desperately vowed he would do—put on a bold front and be governed by circumstances in his method of undoing the ill.

So, he went up to her, with outstretched hand, eagerly, yet with the appealing air of a man who is conscious of having given offense.

"Mr. Richmond!" Jocelyne, I was correct in my conjecture, then, that you were very angry with me. You are angry, or you never would meet me on my hurried errand for pardon with such a chilling address."

Jocelyne listened gravely, but he saw how the smoldering fires in her eyes were kindling.

"I am not at all angry, Mr. Richmond, but it is useless for me to say I was not very angry, if you mean on the strength of that letter I found this in the chair you had occupied. Of course, Mr. Richmond, you can have no choice between—between the writer of this and myself."

She spoke coldly, though with strict courtesy and patience.

Richmond's face grew livid with the hopeless-ness her quiet words suggested.

"Jocelyne! You do not mean to say—"

He could not speak the words he dreaded.

She went on, in her low, cold tone, that grew higher and a little more excited as she proceeded:

"If you mean, Mr. Richmond, that on the strength of that letter to you, from a young lady, who evidently regards you very warmly, and for reasons you have doubtless given her—if you mean on the strength of that letter I consider myself justified in breaking my engagement with you—that is what I intend you to understand. Do you suppose, for one moment, I would marry a man who was capable of the gross indelicacy and wickedness of professing affection for two women at once?"

Her dark eyes were shooting anger now, and the deadly pallor on her face was yielding to a warm flush, and as she spoke she slunk further away from him, as though he were an incarnate plague.

He looked at her, with his face darkening with wrath.

"I think I can trace the teacher in his pupil. You do your guardian credit, Jocelyne, in that

The seamen shrunk back, for they felt that they were in the presence of some one in authority, and with humble bows they hurried away.

"Well, Mesrak, how is it I find you here?" and Julian drew the slave into the light of a cafe window.

"Signor, I am here on my way back to Constantinople, and I owe you my life," humbly said the slave.

"Did my lieutenant give you the gold I promised?"

"He did, signor; he gave me gold in plenty, and my freedom, as you promised; but I was returning to Istanbul, and the vessel touched here and I left her; but they came ashore after me, and were dragging me again on board, where they would have robbed and killed me, had you, signor, not prevented."

"Why do you return to Istanbul, Mesrak?"

"My mother is there, signor—she is yet a slave. I would have her with me."

Julian was silent a moment, and then he said:

"We are also returning to Istanbul, Mesrak; we leave here on the first vessel that clears for the Bosphorus. You shall go with us, and be my slave for the present. Serve me well, and I will give you ten times the gold I have already given you—ay, and I will bring you and your mother safely from the land of the Turk."

"My life is in your hands, signor; I will serve you," earnestly responded Mesrak, who was greatly delighted at his escape from the sailors, and felt that he could freely trust Julian, as he had kept his word to him in giving him his freedom and a belt full of gold.

A further search discovered a comfortable-looking kahn, and the landlord was called upon and quarters assigned to the travelers.

Two days in Mitylene and they took passage on a French schooner bound to Constantinople, and after a quick run the vessel dropped anchor in the Golden Horn, and Paul Malvern and Julian Delos found themselves once more in the busy metropolis of the Turks, where a price was upon their heads, and peril would confront them at every turn.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 370.)

UNCLE NED'S DEFENSE.

My breddren an' sistahs, I rise foh to 'splain Dis matiah dat you's talkin about—I hopes to make it plain.

I's berry sorry dat de 'ting hab come befo' de chub ch.

Foh when I 'splain it you will see dat it am nuffin much.

My friends, your humble speakah, while trabbilin here below.

Hab nebbber oared to hoard gold an' silver foh to show.

We's only stoppin' here a spell; we all hab got to die.

An' so I always tries to lay my treasahs up on high.

Dar's just one 'ting dat pesters me, an' dat am dis, you see.

De ravens foh 'Lijah, but de critters won't feed me;

Dey's got above dar business, an' jest goes swoopin' round.

An' nebbber turns to look at me a waitin' on de groun'.

I waited mighty sartin like; my faith was pow'ful strong;

I reckoned dat me pesky birds would shuahly be along.

But, oh! my frienly hearahs, my faith it cotched a fall.

De aggravatin' fowls went by, an' nebbber stopped at all.

De meal an' flour was almos' gone, de pork bar' gittin' low.

An' so one day I 'cluded dat I had bettah go to Brodder Johnson's tater patch an' borrow jest a few.

'Twas evonin' 'fore I got to start, I had so much to do.

It happened dat de night was dark, but dat I didn't min'.

I knowed de way to dat ar patch, 'twas easy nuff to fin'.

An' den I didn't car' to meet dat Johnson, for I knowed

Dat he would sass me 'bout de mess ob 'taters dat I owed.

I got de basket full at las', an' tuk 'em on my back, an' den was gwine to tote 'em home, when something went ker whack.

I 'tought it was a cannon, but it jest turned out to be

Dat Johnson's ole boss pistil a pointin' straight to me.

I tried to argify wid him; I 'ologized a heap.

But he said dat stealin' 'taters was mean as stealin' sheep.

Ob course I couldn't take dat ar, it had an ugly sound.

De only 'ting foh me to do was jest to knock him down.

My breddren an' sistahs, de story am all told (Of course I pounded Johnson till he yelled foh me to hold).

An' now I hopes you 'grees wid me dat dis yere case, an' such,

Am berry triflin' matiah to fotech befo' de chub ch.

Silver Sam;

The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE BULLWHACKER RISES TO EXPLAIN.

NEVER was there a girl more astonished! Robert Peyton—Montana—the husband of Dianora Campbell! And he had been the lover of her sister, too! What was the meaning of this mystery?

No recent marriage, either, for the certificate was evidently old with age. Mercedes had not noticed the date, but it was clear to her that the marriage could not have transpired since the death of Juliet.

What manner of man, then, was this Montana—this Robert Peyton—for there was no doubt now that Montana was indeed Robert Peyton—to have two love affairs at the same time, and endeavor, too, now to secure her affections, knowing full well that his own wife was living?

Could it be possible that he was such a base villain?

He certainly did not show it in his face.

In utter perplexity Mercedes resumed her seat, her mind filled with vague and strange apprehensions.

The darker the clouds gathered about the head of Montana, the more she felt she loved him; it was a fatal passion: whither could it lead but to sin and shame?

Mercedes' meditations were rudely and abruptly interrupted, for the door opened suddenly and a frowny, unkempt head, surmounted by a tattered-up old silk hat, made its appearance.

"Skin me fur a buffler-robe of this hyer ain't the very idemical shanty?" and then into the shop walked the Boss Bullwhacker of Shian.

"Howdy? Reckon I see you, marm!" continued the giant, ducking his head in a sociable sort of way. "I specks you remember me; Bludsoe—Jimms Bludsoe, own cousin to the inginer of the Per-a-rie Belle, 'an' I'll keep her nozzel agin' the bunk till the last galoot's ashore! That's me, marm, that's my platform to a ha'r. Never say die as long as thar's a mule left that kin shake a leg! Say, mebbe you remember me a-tradin' with you for some cigars t'other day?"

"Yes, sir, I remember it," and she remembered perfectly well, too, the letter which she had obtained from him.

"Wa-al, you little she-woman, you've got me into a heap of difficulty!" the giant gravely announced.

"Yes!"

"Durn my ole mule's left leg! of 'tain't so!" Mr. Bludsoe replied. "Mebbe you remember that I tried to git up a trade with you."

"Yes, sir, I believe so."

"An' you wouldn't have it; no idee of fun 'bout you women folk, anyway; but you can't help it; natur' fixed it; you ole fit fur is to cook slapjacks an' bile inions an' sich like. Wa-al! as I were a-sayin', we traded—fur cash—solid basis, reg'lar ole hard time rocks, an' when I went fur to light my cheroot, I were a-gwine to use an ole letter, but you foteched me a reg'lar lighter instead."

"Yes, sir."

"Wa-al, now, marm, the question afore the meetin' is, w'as that ar durned ole letter?"

"The letter—?" said Mercedes, slowly, reluctant to yield her prize.

"Yes, marm, that's the pint we're headin' fur! The fact of the matter is, thar's bin a heap o' row kicked up about that 'tarnal ole 'pistle. You see, marm, I was with a few of the boys, enjoyin' myself like a gent'l'man, in the Big Horn saloon, when I happened jes' by accident to show t'other ole letter. You must know, marm, I found these hyer two letters a-piece down on the per-a-rie; they war jes' a-lyin' on the sile, sayin' nothin' to nobody, an' I picked them up. The flaps of the envelopes war open—rain did it, they say now—durn me if I know, or care either. I thought that they had been heaved away by some pilgrim, an' I jes' stuck 'em in my pocket without thinkin'."

"Wa-al, I slung one of 'em away in hyer t'other day, an' as I sed, I pulled t'other one out o' my pocket up inter the saloon, an' that little beast of a Paddywhacker—that air Faddy Pud, you know, the Irisher that pulls the reins over the express hack—durn the man vot drives horses when thar's good muels able to kick a fly off'n their ears with their hind hoofs to be had! Wa-al! that little Irish galoot—I speak respectfully of him, 'kase I courted a Dublin gal onc't—me an' her split 'kase she sed her ha'r was auburn, when it was redder'n thunder, an' I couldn't go sich nonsense—wa-al, the mint he sed the letter, he jumped at me like a durned ole bullterrier, an' sed he, he sed, 'See hyer, hyes, this is the basto that robs the mail, bad 'cess to him, Silver Sam! As I sed afore, marm, I'm kinder partial to the Patlanders on account of that cook with the red ha'r, an' so I didn't kill the little cuss, but jest slung him playfully through the window—I calculate I'll owe ole Dick Skelly 'bout ten dollars fur that air glass that was smashed fur the next ten years, although I offered fur to go outside an' fight him like a man fur to see who should 'squer' the damage. Wa-al, the long an' the short of the matter is, that them air two letters were stolen out'n the mail by this hyer Silver Sam, whoever he is, durned if I know! an' they swar that they'll hang me fur highway robbery if I don't bring them back."

Mercedes produced the letter very reluctantly; she was loth to part with it, although it would have puzzled her to have told what possible use it could be to her.

She believed that Montana had written the lines, although he had disguised his hand so that it was almost impossible to recognize it; but still it was just possible that he had not written the letter.

Then a bright idee occurred to the girl.

"The letter was torn in two so I pasted it together," she said. "It is only written on one side; it doesn't make any difference."

"Oh, no, in course not."

"It is written by a Mr. Jabez Smith," she observed, glancing at the signature as if she had noticed it for the first time. "Was the other letter so signed?"

"No, marm, that ole store-keeper cuss, Tommy Black writ it."

"And does Mr. Smith claim this letter?"

The bullwhacker looked astonished.

"Smith! who in thunder's he?"

"I don't know; don't you?"

"Smith, Smith!" muttered Bludsoe, reflectively. "Unkimmion name! reckon I don't know any Smith in Deadwood."

"And who claims the letter, then?"

"Why, the ole post-office galoot, Tommy Black."

"And what right has he to another man's letter?" Mercedes questioned. "You see, the envelope is destroyed. If I were you I should not give the letter up except to Mr. Smith in person."

"Wa-al, now, that is kinder hoss-sense, isn't it?" remarked the bullwhacker, musingly.

"Let Mr. Smith—there is his name plainly signed Jabez Z. Smith—let him come forward and claim his letter."

"Ke-rect, by thunder! an' when he does come, by Cain, he'll have to treat or fight! Durn my wagon-tops of I'm gwine to tote any man's letters round in my pockets for nothin'! I ain't a post-office, nor an express-hack, by a jugful! Ef it hadn't 'a' bin fur that red-haired gal I'd ed that Paddywhack fur sartin' me, though he smells strong enuff of whiskey fur to answer fur a sign fur any distillery in the hull durned Illinois country. Wa-al, marm, I'm much obliged to you," and the bullwhacker opened the door to depart, when a sudden thought occurred to him. "Say, of this hyer Smith stands the drinks I'll do what I kin fur you, seein' that you can't ring in; I'll come back an' toss up with you fur the biggest hunk of tobacco that you've got in the hull durned shanty."

And then the giant proceeded direct to the post-office.

Quite a little crowd were congregated in the store, it being the general lounging place of the town during the day.

In marched the bullwhacker, the letter in his hand.

"Hyar I am, an' hyer's the 'pistle! Now, trot out Mister Jabez Z. Smith, an' lemme get a look at the animile!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

WHO IS SMITH?

"Yes, sir, now I'm talkin'! You hear me, pilgrims! Bludsoe an' I, the Boss Bullwhacker of Shian, the long-horned, tough-wheeled, cavortin', mountain sheep of the ole mountain range, basel! What is Smith—Jabez is the fore-front of his name, an' Z is the mule-chain that 'jines the two together!" cried the Pot of the Niobrara, vociferously.

The miners congregated in the post-office looked at each other; the name was not familiar to them.

"Smith," said one, reflectively.

"Smith!" quoth old General Baltimore Bowie, who chanced to be present; "strange cognomen! Have we a Smith among us, fellow-citizens?"

"Heaps of 'em!" answered another free and independent voter.

"The woods air full of 'em!" suggested a third.

"But Jabez Z., that's the man I hunger for!" roared the bullwhacker, boisterously.

"I don't know of any such man in the town," the postmaster remarked. "The best thing for you to do is to seal the letter up, address it to Mr. Smith, and put it in the post-office here; then he will be sure to get it."

"Oh, no, I guess not!" cried Mr. Bludsoe, winking mysteriously at the crowd. "This hyer letter is valuable, now, I tell yer! I kin read, I kin, I reckon that I didn't go to school fur nothin' onc't! I was a member of the first society way back in ole Kentucky, now, I'm a tellin' you. I driv' the stage from Maysville to Paris fur years when I was nothin' but a kid. Oh, I was one of the sports. You jes' ask round Mount Sterling or the Blue Licks; I reckon that you'll hear a heap 'bout a gent'l'man 'bout my size—a feller w'ot looks like me."

"You had better leave the letter with me," Black again suggested, "or you may get into trouble. This Mr. Smith won't like to have you show his private letter all over town."

"Get inter trouble!" howled the bullwhacker, now fairly beside himself with delight. "Why, you ole lead-mule of the post-office team, you 'call' me—you 'call' me an' I slaps down a 'full hand,' an' that's the kind of man I am! Get inter trouble! Why, that's my platform. What is this hyer Smith? trot him out, an' if he says two words to me 'bout his durned ole letter skin me fur raw-hides of I don't make him eat it; yes, you bet! chew it, too, as he liked it! That's the kind of a crowd-ba' I am! Say! will somebody in the crowd jes' have the kindness to bile my left ear, or throw a dol of tooth-powder in my right eye, or pull the left-hand lock on the thumb-hand side of my head! Oh, I'm jes' spilin' fur some fun! What is Smith, or anybody that looks like Smith, durned if I—"

"Hallo! here comes Montana!" cried a wag near the door.

"Wa-al, gents, I guess you'll have to excuse me," ejaculated the giant, suddenly, and backing toward the rear door as he spoke. "I can't be with you always, you know. I've got to meet a note fur seventeen thousand dollars at twelve. Ta, ta; see you agin, so-long!" And then the boasting bullwhacker vanished through the rear door of the store just as the miner entered the front-pine.

Naturally there was a burst of laughter at the expense of the retreating blusterer, and the miner, entering in the midst of the merriment, inquired the cause.

The story of the mysterious letter which Bludsoe had pronounced to be of such value was told to him, but he, knowing the character of the Shian pet so well, merely laughed and remarked that he "reckoned" that the writer of the letter, whoever he might be, wouldn't worry much about it.

All that day the Pot of the Niobrara pranced from one saloon to another, displaying the letter in each and every place; inquired loudly for one Jabez Smith, and hinted mysteriously of the important contents of the "pistle," as he generally termed it.

But no Jabez Z. Smith stepped forward to claim his letter up to the time that evening shades fell upon the "magic city." Not only that, but no one in the town had ever heard of any man bearing such an appellation, although as one loud-spoken miner had remarked: the shades below were full of Smiths, and a good many more could be spared and wouldn't be missed from this breaking world.

From nightfall until about nine o'clock the bullwhacker's tall form was missed from the classic shades of the Deadwood shanties, but, right after that time, he suddenly appeared as life and twice as natural, as he would have expressed it.

He had been lying off in French Kate's shebang, one of the vilest haunts in the town, saloon and dance-house combined.

The bullwhacker's capacity for liquor was something to be wondered at, but that afternoon he had succeeded in overtaking his strength, and, overcome by the potent fumes of the fragrant "bug-juice," he had gone fast to sleep in a chair in French Kate's place, and had remained there undisturbed, for the "Madame," as Kate was usually called, rather admired the sublime impudence of the mule-driver, and as trade was slack and the room not needed, she had allowed him to remain in peace.

From French Kate's Bludsoe had started straight for Johnny's shebang, which, as the reader will probably remember—if he has allowed so unimportant a fact to remain within his recollection—was situated right on the outskirts of the town.

The night was dark, the moon not yet being fairly up, and just before coming to the den of evil repute the way ran through some scrub pines. A more lonely spot could not have been found for miles around, and yet it was within a few hundred yards of the town.

Bludsoe's head was not as clear as it might have been, and his walk was decidedly unsteady as he entered the little clump of pines.

"Durn my lead mule's right-hand tail!" he exclaimed, as he caught his toe against a good-sized bowlder and tumbled over it; "it's as cussed dark as three black cats up a blind alley chased by the Jack o' spades!"

And then, suddenly, from behind one of the scrubby pines stepped a tall, dark form.

The straggling rays of the feeble moonlight, struggling through the dark clouds overhead, gleamed fitfully upon the shining tube of a revolver, glistening in the stranger's hand, and leveled full at the breast of the bullwhacker.

"Throw up your hands, pilgrim, or thar'll be one more driver less in Deadwood in a minute!" cried a hoarse voice.

Bludsoe recognized the situation at once.

"I pass, stranger; put light on that air trigger, for durn me if I want to start a graveyard hyer!" the bullwhacker cried.

And Mr. Bludsoe elevated his hands with a gentle grace that was really charming.

"How are you fixed?" inquired the road-agent, thus evincing a solicitude in regard to the financial condition of the man-from-Shian, that was truly delightful, considering that the questioner was an entire stranger.

"Broke," responded Bludsoe, tersely.

"Is that so?"

"Fact! if mines were sellin' fur ten dollars apiece I ain't got dust enuff to buy a smell."

"Any other valuables?"

"Six-shooters."

"Don't want 'em; they'll do for you to raise a stake on to get out of town."

"Wa-al, I'm much obliged!" exclaimed Bludsoe, touched by this delicate consideration.

"Didn't I hear somethin' 'bout some valuable document—a letter or sich like that you were a-cavortin' round town to-day, or was I a-dreamin'?" remarked the "gentleman of the night."

"Oh!" cried Bludsoe, struck with a sudden idea, "mebbe you're Mister Jabez Z. Smith?"

"I reckon I'll answer fur him; so hand it over."

Vainly the giant searched his pockets; no letter could be found.

"Lost it?" asked the disguised man.

"Durn it, no!" Bludsoe cried. "I had it when I went to sleep. Somebody's a-bin a-goin' through me!"

"What did you go to sleep?"

"In French Kate's; durn her ole green, cat eyes! she's leaved on that air letter!"

"It's all right; I'll call on her myself, so-long! Jest oblige me by turnin' your back for a few minutes."

"Hol' on! who air you?"

"Silver Sam! so-long!"

And then the road-agent vanished amid the pines, leaving Bludsoe to swear at his evil fortune.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 362.)

Base-Ball.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1877.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE series of contests for the championship this season promises to be an exceptional one, for the reason that the six clubs of the League Association, which alone enter the lists for the League pennant, find in the League Alliance and International Association nines, rivals fully able to cope successfully with the strongest of their own teams. Hitherto the League clubs have had no competitors outside the regular organization able to oppose them with any success, except on rare occasions; but this year the case is different, the "outside" club nines—as those clubs not in the League Association are called—having during the first month of the season actually borne off the palm: Up to the close of April the Indianapolis club, the Allegheny and the Stars of Syracuse, rivaled the strongest of the League nines in their splendid work in the field, as the appended record shows:

April 3, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	6
" 21, Indianapolis vs. Louisville, at Indianapolis	2
" 23, Allegheny vs. Louisville, at Allegheny City	3
" 2, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at Allegheny City	5
March 22, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	6
April 23, Star (of Syracuse) vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	8
" 30, Star (of Syracuse) vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	9

In return the St. Louis club defeated the Indianapolis but once out of four games, and the Louisville beat them once only. This successful rivalry with the clubs of the League which had assumed to themselves such superiority in the professional arena, has of course greatly added to the interest of the season's play, inasmuch as instead of there being but six clubs to contest for the United States championship as the League Association claims, there are actually over a dozen competitors.

Another feature of the season's play is the remarkable number of single-figure games not exceeding five runs on the winning side, which have marked the contests of March and April. The record of model games for the opening months of the season of 1877 is an unprecedented one, as will be seen by the appended table of single-figure games, played during March and April, up to the 23d of April inclusive:

March 19, Indianapolis vs. Memphis at Memphis	5
" 21, St. Louis vs. Indianapolis, at St. Louis	6
" 22, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	6
" 16, Indianapolis vs. Robert E. Lee, at New Orleans	8
" 23, St. Louis vs. West End, at St. Louis	9
" 23, Indianapolis vs. Memphis, at Memphis	9
" 18, Memphis vs. Indianapolis, at Memphis	8
April 3, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at Indianapolis	1
" 30, Hartford vs. Boston, at Brooklyn (11 innings)	1
" 9, St. Louis vs. Memphis, at Memphis	2
" 13, St. Louis vs. Memphis, at Memphis	2
" 20, Hartford vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn	2
" 20, Allegheny vs. Buckeye, at Allegheny	2
" 21, Indianapolis vs. Louisville, at Indianapolis	2
" 20, Indianapolis vs. Star (of Syracuse), at Indianapolis	3
" 23, Allegheny vs. Star (of Syracuse), at Allegheny City (10 innings)	3
" 14, St. Louis vs. Memphis, at Memphis	4
" 10, St. Louis vs. Memphis, at Memphis	4
" 12, Yale vs. Alaska, at New Haven	4
" 10, Louisville vs. Indianapolis, at Louisville	4
" 17, Boston vs. Lowell, at Boston (11 t.)	4
" 21, Boston vs. Lowell, at Boston (11 t.)	4
" 24, Louisville vs. Buckeye, at Columbus	4
" 23, Live Oak vs. Our Boys, at Lynn (18 t.)	4
" 24, Boston vs. Harvard, at Boston	5
" 14, Boston vs. Harvard, at Boston	5
" 30, Athletic vs. Princeton, at Princeton	5
" 2, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at Indianapolis	5
" 23, Star (of Syracuse) vs. Indianapolis, at Indianapolis	5
" 10, St. Louis vs. Memphis, at Memphis	5

Another peculiarity of this year's campaign is the success of the College club nines in their contests with leading professional clubs. In this respect the nines of Harvard, Yale and Princeton have played in fine form as the appended list of their victories over professional nines during April shows:

April 7, Yale vs. New Haven, at New Haven	13
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PODDLE'S WIFE ON A NEW HAT.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Why, Mr. Poddle, 'pon my word, must I believe my eyes?
You're gone and got another hat. I'm struck dumb with surprise!
I'm just too much astonished, sir, to speak a single word.
Such terrible extravagance I'm sure I never heard.
Another hat! The one you had was hardly three years old!
As if you owned the Black Hills there and had a mint of gold.
While I economize and work and struggle all the while.
And have to wear a bonnet that's two weeks behind the style.
And it's so out of season that when last I took a walk
It gave me such an awful cold that I can hardly talk;
And that's the way I've got to go, while you can put on airs,
And gaily sport a stilet hat that even no rich man wears.
I tell you, Poddle, this won't do; a pretty pass has come;
You could have worn that other hat and saved that monstrous sum;
For it was plenty good enough for one as poor as you.
And there's no use of wasting words; you know I never do.
I need a thousand things to wear, and half I can't get.
You'll drive me clearly out of my head so much you make me fret.
Your suit, I see, don't match the hat, and next thing you will go
And get a new one out and out; now see if this ain't so!
If I was not the patient wife that I have always been,
You would get hauled across the coals week out, sir, and week in.
And goodness knows it won't be long, if you go on this way.
That I'll begin to murmur some, and tell what I've to say.
Great shakes! a seven dollar hat! Now, Poddle, this won't do;
You'll make—well, only cost you one—she did hat made up new?
I really had a mind to scold, though I refrained, you see.
It only cost a dollar, dear! Well, give the six to me!

Cavalry Custer, From West Point to the Big Horn; OR, THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGON.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ
AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

THE Grand Duke Alexis was on his way out West when Sheridan telegraphed Custer to come to Fort Riley. The young prince had been in New York a few weeks before, thence to Niagara Falls, then all the way to San Francisco on the Pacific Railroad, which was now open from end to end. The running of that road had cleared the plains of the Indians, and there was no more danger in those places where Custer had followed after the Cheyennes, only three years before. Buffalo were much scarcer, however, which was a disadvantage for sport, as much as the absence of Indians was an advantage for safety.

Custer got into the train and was whirled away to the West, arriving in due time at Fort Riley, where the Grand Duke had already made his appearance. The famous scout, Cody, who is so familiar to the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, was also there, Buffalo Bill himself in person, and a splendid hunting-party was speedily organized, with a band of music and everything to suit. At least a hundred Indian scouts had been engaged, who roamed far and wide over the plains, marking down herds of buffalo and driving them toward the fort, so as to make game seem plentiful. It was all very well for common folks to have trouble in finding game, but every one was determined that the Grand Duke should find plenty.

The appointed morning came, and Alexis rode out with Custer to the hunting-grounds. The Grand Duke was in a splendid-looking fellow, six feet high, broad and strong, with a pleasant face, always friendly. He wore a jacket and trousers of strong gray cloth, high boots and a fur cap, and carried one handsome revolver. His horse was of course a splendid animal, the best money could buy or hire.

Custer wore his well-known frontier dress, with its fringed cape and sleeves, while his long curls flowed down over his shoulders. He carried the new Springfield carbine, just then introduced in the army, and his piece had been altered into a sporting rifle by a gunsmith, making it a very handsome weapon. He had brought on from Louisville a new horse, a perfect thoroughbred; and no doubt Alexis thought that if all the American generals were like Custer, they were a handsome set of fellows.

As they got near the hunting-ground down came Buffalo Bill, full speed, to meet them. Cody was splendidly dressed, in the same gayly-ornamented buck-skin suit that he afterward used in the "Scouts of the Prairie," on the stage. Of course it was not his working dress, but Alexis never knew the difference, and he was delighted with these handsome costumes all round him. Then the Indian scouts, who had been driving buffalo, came up in new blankets, and all gay with feathers. They reported buffalo over the next hill.

It is needless to describe this hunt any further, for all buffalo-hunts are much the same, and this was no exception.

The Grand Duke turned out to be a good rider and shot, and killed his buffalo like a good fellow. Custer shot two, and Buffalo Bill, with his peculiar knack, finished five in as many shots. Long practice had shown him just where to aim to kill every time.

The Grand Duke spent several days buffalo-hunting, and accumulated quite a little store of trophies, and he was so much delighted with Custer's frank courtesy of manner, that when the hunt was over, he invited the general to come with him on the rest of his trip through the United States, first going back with him to Louisville, where they met Mrs. Custer, whose quiet, ladylike demeanor pleased the prince as well as the gallant looks of the general. Custer received permission from headquarters to accept the invitation, and Mrs. Custer joined the party, which made quite an extended tour of all the Southern States, ending at New Orleans, where a Russian frigate waited for Alexis.

So there was our poor farmer's boy, the son of the village blacksmith at New Rumley, traveling about the United States on terms of equality with the heir of the greatest empire in the world, his little wife holding her own among the prince and nobles, as if she had been born to a throne. It was a sight peculiar to America, and hardly possible anywhere else.

The Alexis trip over, Custer returned to

Louisville, and wore through the next year of idleness as well as he could. In the early spring of 1873, to his great joy, the Seventh Cavalry was once more ordered to the plains, and himself with it.

The occasion was this: it had been determined, since the Pacific Railroad had succeeded so well, having pacified all the Indians to its south, that another road, through the more northerly territories, should be run. This determination proved, in the end, very disastrous, inasmuch as the new line ran through the territories of the Sioux, and the Sioux were the only Indians that had so far almost always had the best of the government in battle.

However, it was settled that the road should be surveyed, and a military escort, consisting of the 22d infantry and 7th cavalry, and General Stanley, with Custer second in command, was ordered to accompany the surveyor's party.

Custer concentrated his regiment at Memphis, the companies coming in from all round the States where they had been scattered, all very glad to get there. They took back up the Mississippi and Missouri to St. Paul, where they landed, marching then overland, up the Missouri, to the village of Bismark, in Dakota. Opposite to Bismark, where the Northern Pacific road then terminated, was Fort Abraham Lincoln, where the expedition was to concentrate in May. It was now the beginning of April, but the winter was not yet over in those high latitudes, for the column was overtaken at Yankton Agency by a tremendous snowstorm, which nearly froze them all, and left a yard of snow on the ground. Several ladies were with the column, including Mrs. Custer, who always marched at the head of the troops when she was allowed, and these ladies had a hard time in the snow. However, it proved to be the last storm of the season, for a few days after warm weather set in, and by the time they reached Fort Lincoln, not a trace of white was on the ground.

Here, to their great disappointment, the ladies found that all their ride had been in vain, for the baggage was ordered back, and the regiment received directions for speedy service in the field with the Stanley Expedition, to the Yellowstone River.

The ladies, very reluctantly, had to take the cars at Bismark, and Mrs. Custer returned to Monroe. Custer and the Seventh soon started with the Stanley column. Here a strange meeting occurred between Custer and an old friend and enemy of his, General Rosser, late of the Southern army. After the surrender of Lee, poor Rosser, like many another brave fellow who fought on the losing side, in the Civil War, found himself out of place, with no way to make a living except by beginning life afresh. Having been through West Point in the same class with Custer, he was a good engineer, so he made his way up to Minnesota, and worked his way up to be chief engineer. Now, therefore, it happened that he and Custer, who had not met each other since the surrender at Appomattox, came together two thousand miles away, and eight years later, as friends and comrades.

As you can fancy, they had many a pleasant talk over their old battles, explaining movements to each other. These eight years and his own success had taken away all the bitterness of past defeats from Rosser, and he and Custer became very close friends, ever after.

The column started from Fort Lincoln in the spring as soon as the grass was well up, and proceeded due west toward the Yellowstone River on the line where the railroad was projected. Their early progress was quite rapid, the plains being quite smooth till they came to the line of the Little Missouri, beyond which the "bad lands" commenced. These bad lands are horrible places, seamed with broad deep fissures, almost impassable for wagons, and frequently delayed them so that the train would only make five miles a day. The distance from the Little Missouri to the Yellowstone was less than two hundred miles, but the ways were so difficult that it was not till July that the great river was reached. Then Custer proposed to General Stanley that he, Custer, should go ahead every day with two or three companies of cavalry, pick out a good road, and leave a broad trail for the wagons to follow. General Stanley was only too glad to assent to this arrangement, which soon brought Custer into quite a handsome fight.

In the early part of the journey no Indians had been seen, and even on the Yellowstone it was some time before any indications of their presence were met. As it turned out, however, the column was being watched all the time, and by no less a person than the now celebrated chief, Sitting Bull.

Sitting Bull was and still is the most daring and implacable of all the Indians of the Northwest. When the whole Sioux nation made peace with the whites, when Red Cloud and Spotted Tail, with all their braves, had come in and settled on the agencies, Sitting Bull alone held out. With a little band, sometimes of less than a hundred warriors, he remained out in the deserts round the Yellowstone, proud of his independence, and secure, as he thought, from the power of the government. As long as the Yellowstone country was not wanted, Sitting Bull was left alone in his story, but the coming of the Stanley column showed him that he must fight if he hoped to drive out the whites. All the summer, while Stanley's great train of wagons was slowly creeping along the plains, Indians had been seen passing to and fro between Sitting Bull's little band and the different tribes on the agencies of the Missouri River. Here the Indians used to get guns and cartridges, ostensibly to hunt, while they slipped off, one or two at a time, really to join Sitting Bull.

Therefore, there was very little to wonder at, when Custer, one fine morning, while reposing his little squadron of about ninety men, some ten miles ahead of the main column, was suddenly attacked by Sitting Bull, with at least three hundred warriors, who drove the soldiers to the bank of the river, and besieged them there for several hours.

They could not budge Custer and the Seventh, however.

As usual, the soldiers fought on foot, sending their horses into shelter, and, as usual, the Indians waited their time "circling," throwing away ammunition, when their first charge had been repulsed.

How long Custer might have held out, as he was situated, is uncertain, but the timely arrival of two squadrons of the Seventh extricated him from his dilemma. The way these came to be sent up was in consequence of Indian carelessness.

full. Rain-in-the-Face came on these two old men, Dr. Hozinger and Mr. Baleran, and killed them both, leaving their bodies so that the advance of the column found them. He also killed a stranger of the Seventh, named Ball, at a spring.

The finding of these bodies of course made General Stanley very anxious about Custer's detachment, and he at once sent off the rest of the Seventh to help their leader. The new force had not arrived within three miles when the wary Indians spied it, and began to draw off. Custer, with the quick decision natural to him, divined the presence of his friends, and determined to give his enemies a lesson.

Not waiting for the reinforcement he mounted his men, charged Sitting Bull, and drove him helter-skelter for nearly ten miles before he stopped, then came slowly back to camp, with the loss of only two men wounded. This was his first Indian fight since 1869, and ended in a triumph won against tremendous odds. Only a few days afterward down came Sitting Bull again, this time on the main expedition, with a much larger force. It was computed at the time that there were at least fifteen hundred Indians in sight, so many allies had joined Sitting Bull.

This time, however, the chief did not get off so easily. He had not calculated on the presence of a battery of small rifle-cannon which was in the train, carefully hidden.

Custer was given the main management of this fight, and encouraged the Indians to come on by throwing out a small force at first. No sooner were the Indians fairly in sight, clustered in crowds out of carbine-shot, than the artillery pitched a few shells into them, and sent them flying, completely demoralized.

After that the expedition had no more trouble from Sitting Bull, except small annoyances. At the end of the summer it broke up, having returned to Fort Lincoln.

Custer was ordered to take post till further directions at Fort Rice, Dakota, twenty miles from Lincoln.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 363.)

ELEANORE.

BY W. A. S.

Thou comest as in the days of yore,
With loving smile and fond embrace,
And looking from the earnest face,
I find thee still my Eleanore.

The past has been so sad and lone,
My heart throbbeth heavily through tears;
I did not dream the coming years
Would bring thee thus into my arms.

And now, although the trees are bare,
And the far hills are cold and brown,
Though snowflakes flutter slowly down,
A summer radiance fills the air.

My heart has burst its chains of ice;
It throbs and swells with transport fine;
I drink rich draughts of love's rich wine,
And all my being doth rejoice!

Saved to Curse.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"HANDSOME! Yes, as a god. Rich! To embarrassment, they say. His name! Clive Pemberton. Reputation! —"

A forcible shrug of the shoulders took the place of the words for which John Silverbridge was waiting; a shrug of the shoulders that told, as plainly as words could have told, that Clive Pemberton's reputation was not *sans reproche*.

John Silverbridge and the friend who had spoken, stood beside the sandy stretch of seashore, a little apart from a group of roughly-clad fishermen, looking down on the unconscious face and figure of a man lying there, drenched and chilled, whom John Silverbridge had, at risk of his own life, saved from drowning, not five minutes before, and who, with his savior, only awaited the coming of a cart to carry them to warmth and comfort.

"It was a tight struggle, Silverbridge. Once, I thought you were both done for."

"How handsome he is! I never saw a more perfect face. And by his clothing and jewelry I should say he was wealthy, and yet how little his riches would have availed! He is a stranger to me. Do you know him, or of him?"

Then the friend, an elderly, weather-beaten, grave-faced man had answered in the words quoted.

John Silverbridge listened and saw the expressive French features.

"Pemberton! Not young Pemberton of March Place—not the godless young heir to the millions his father so lately left? Not that Clive Pemberton?"

"The one. Yonder is the cart and hot blankets. Where shall we take him? Unless he gets vigorous assistance soon all your efforts will have proved unavailing. He barely breathes."

John Silverbridge hesitated only one second before he gave the answer to the teamster at the horse's head.

"To my house, as fast as you can get over the ground."

Then he turned to shake hands with his friend.

"For one second I felt afraid to take Clive Pemberton to my house—my Ethel is so fair and so gracious, and so romantic. But you will agree I have only acted humanely?"

"I dare not say. But this I know, I never yet have known old prophecy to fail—that whoever one rescues from death by drowning, is bound to work the deepest misery against his preserver that tongue can name. I may be superstitious, Silverbridge, but I am as sure as that I am alive and warning you, that Clive Pemberton will turn your life into a blight."

Silverbridge smiled, as the cart drove on.

"You are no less fanciful as you grow older, I see. Come see us when you can."

And so they parted, and John Silverbridge took Clive Pemberton home to his sister Ethel, "so fair, so gracious, so romantic."

She was certainly an exquisitely beautiful girl, and hours afterward, when Clive Pemberton suddenly opened his eyes out of a reviving sleep, which exhaustion and the comfort of the warm, soft nest into which John Silverbridge's housekeeper had put him, had induced, it seemed to him that the graceful, statuesque girl sitting in the shadows of the darkened room, with a faint roseate gleam of fire-glow on her face and hair, was less human than angelic.

He lay very quietly for some time, watching her; noting the perfect pose of her form, the gentle curves, the tender grace of it; noting the out of the features that were pure as a Greek statue; noting the jetty blackness and luster of the heavy circle of hair that crowned her like a royal diadem, the silky lowliness of the straight brows and heavy, long lashes, that lay on her marble fair cheeks, at her beautiful mouth, red as wet coral, not too small, and yet suggesting the daintiest of rosebuds.

He watched her—a feeling of intensest admiration growing upon him as the natural bewilderment of his situation passed away, and he remembered the sudden capering of the row-boat he had, foolhardily, ventured out in, and he realized he had been saved and was in the hands of those who had cared for him.

Then, an irresistible desire to see the eyes of such a beautiful girl possessed him; and, as Clive Pemberton was a man who never had yet an undesired wish, he forthwith made up his mind to see the eyes; and so, he gave a faint sigh, as if just returning to wakefulness.

And instantly Ethel was on her feet beside the couch where he was lying, her midnight dark eyes looking eagerly, anxiously into his beautiful dark-violet ones.

"You are better? How thankful I am! Please do not attempt to speak—I will send Mrs. Darron to you at once."

And the quick, sweet tones in a pure, clear contralto, the smile so frank, so twitching, that accompanied it, made Clive Pemberton swear this girl was the fairest he ever had seen, and that he would make her smile again upon him—Clive Pemberton, whose reputation as a heartless flirt had gone forth far and near, who had played with, only to destroy, more women's hearts than he could count!

That was the beginning. After that, Clive Pemberton came often to the Silverbridges, and Ethel's pure white cheeks learned to flush to the tint of an oleander at sight of him, with his splendid blonde beauty, his magnetic violet eyes that were not long in looking the most ardent love in hers. And Ethel's brother saw it—grave, staid John, who had saved Clive Pemberton's life, and who had smiled, almost laughed, when his friend repeated the superstitious legend.

"And why should they not love each other?" he asked himself hourly. "If I was afraid at the first, it was because I feared my Ethel might love him unsolicited. But when he loves her so, when I can read it in his face, his eyes, his manner—why should I not rejoice that such a fair prospect opens to my one little sister? Should I, who so soon will bring my one special darling home to be my wife, I, who know what it is to love with all my soul, refuse to sanction their affection only because a few weeks later, when the first spring breezes began to blow warmly, Clive Pemberton came to him and asked him for Ethel to be his wife; and he gave him his cordial consent, and of all people in the world, Ethel Silverbridge was the happiest."

"I cannot understand it," she would say to her lover, when his arms were around her, and his blue eyes looking love into hers. "Why should you love me, Clive, when you have known so many lovely women in the society you frequent? Why have you passed them all by, to come to such a one as I? Oh, Clive, love, love, can I ever let you know how much you are to me, my king, my god, my own darling?"

And he would smile in her rapt eyes and tell her she underestimated herself, and very far overrated him.

But he liked to hear her talk so, he enjoyed the honest flattery she poured out like an oblation upon him, and he knew that what she said was true—it was somewhat strange that he, who had been the pet and darling of the circle in which he moved, should have become so desperately infatuated with this girl who had neither a great name or money or anything but her sweet self to give him.

The engagement was to be kept secret for awhile at Ethel's own suggestion, until, she explained, John's bride should have come, and John's wedding was a thing of the past. Then the preparation for John's home-coming began, and from morning till night, it seemed as if the name of the fair young bride-elect was on Ethel's tongue.

"I will confess you have made me positively curious, Ethel, about this wonderful 'Elsie' of your brother's. Have you no picture of her to show a fellow? Perfection will surely be at it in the shade beside her charms."

Ethel laughed at her lover's speech.

"We have no photograph, Clive—and really Elsie is not so pretty after all. It is her way that slays people."

"Do you think she will slay me, Ethel, in common with other people?"

"Clive! How wicked! Why, she'll be John's wife when you see her."

Clive laughed at Ethel's look of holy horror.

"And does my little girl expect never to charm any one again after she is my wife?"

She looked solemnly, almost, in his handsome face—oh, so handsome that her heart throbbed with rapturous pride.

"I never want to even be admired when I am your wife, dear, only by you."

To this fair, gracious, loving girl, those days were the happiest days of her life. It seemed that until now she never had lived, that, until now, the sun never had shone. She made her first quiet preparations for her marriage with a heart almost too light for endurance, and every heart-throb was a silent prayer of thanksgiving that Heaven had meted out to her such a measure of almost more than human happiness.

John's wedding-day came in due time; and then the bride came home, the only girl of all women on the face of God's earth who had ever quickened his heart-beats—the only girl he ever had imagined, even for his wife; and he had poured out upon her just such idolatrous worship, placed in her just such beautiful faith as his sister Ethel gave to Clive Pemberton. Only, in John Silverbridge's case, there was the difference of years and years in their ages—he, a grave, retired, proud man of nearer fifty than forty, and Elsie a bonny girl of only nineteen.

She had always loved him, she thought, from the time, years and years ago, when Mr. Silverbridge, a man then, had ridden her on his shoulder, and permitted her to rifle his pockets for *bon-bons*. She had always been taught that John Silverbridge was superior to other men, when somewhat to her surprise, and very much to her proud delight, he asked her to be his wife, Elsie Grey thought no girl in all the world so honored, so blessed as she.

She was in all the first flush of her half-girlish, half-womanly triumph as John Silverbridge's wife, when Clive Pemberton was introduced to her by Ethel; and for one moment there was on his face such an expression of perfect astonishment and admiration that he almost forgot his perpetual grace of manner.

She had come upon him like a revelation. She was unlike any woman he had ever seen, set laws of lines and curves and features, but her freshness, her joyousness, her half-boy, half-proud sweetness of manner, her infectious delightedness—the strange, subtle sense of presence she created, the nameless, exquisite charm that hung about her like some invisible, super-delicate cloud of faint perfume—it all combined to affect Clive Pemberton with sensations he had never before experienced, and

that he had no desire to analyze, but accepted and enjoyed, as he unscrupulously accepted and enjoyed the goods lavish gods had ever showered upon him.

"Why should I fly from the presence of a woman who charms and fascinates me, beyond the power even of my betrothed to charm and fascinate, for the nonsensical reason that she is married? Will I not be in her society, more or less, as Ethel's husband, so long as we both live?"

And he acted up to the very spirit of his self-imposed law. He was in her society much and often—never markedly alone, or markedly at all. Mr. Silverbridge was with them often, and Ethel always, and the two fair women petted him and caressed him with pride and delight, and Elsie would tell her new sister what a prize her lover was, what a happy girl she ought to be.

For a while she told Ethel that, with her sunny brown eyes all alight. For a while she was like incarnate music and warmth and light in her husband's home, where she was idol, queen and darling; and then, gradually, there came over her times of most depressing gloom, alternated with outbursts of almost tropical tenderness toward her husband; there came times when for days she would go about her beautiful home, pale and sad-eyed, quiet and wearily; then again her gay laugh, her un-naturally bright eyes, her crimson-glowing cheeks, would attract attention.

And John Silverbridge never knew the why or the wherefore of it all. And bonny Ethel never knew, until—

The blow came like a thunderbolt from a clear blue sky. Swift as lightning, with unerring aim that struck its fatal dart, and crushed two hearts into hopelessly despairing agony that will never be eased while those hearts beat.

There was no preparatory sign—no premonition, even of the faintest.

All at once—one calm, perfect June dusk, when Ethel was dressed in her fairest and best, waiting for Clive Pemberton to call for her according to agreement made in the morning, which had been spent as usual by the entire little circle; when the dainty seven-o'clock dinner was beneath its silver covers on the table, and John Silverbridge was growing just a wee bit impatient that Elsie had outstayed her time on her errand to the village, whither she had driven two hours before in her pony phaeton; when all the events of life were quietly transpiring as usual, the lightning stroke came—a sealed letter left by a messenger, addressed to John Silverbridge, and it read, in hastily-penned lines:

"If you can help it, don't curse us. Elsie loves me, and I have worshiped her from the first. We are going together; we do not yet know where. Tell Ethel all; God help her." C. P.

And the shadow of rayless darkness settled for all time on the pitifully-blasted home, and never does any hour of the day pass that John Silverbridge does not recall the superstition he smiled incredulously at. He is a bowed, white-haired man, who seldom talks—even to the blanched-faced, pitiful-eyed woman, who lives on, with a broken heart.

And of Elsie and Pemberton?

God be merciful to them!

Beat Time's Notes.

A grass widow does not put on weeds.

A man who picks a fuss is likely to get in a pickle.

A man who wears a law-suit has surely come to bad close.

Some very weak ladies show a very great deal of muscular strength.

Eggs, like horses, are not fit for anything much until they are broken.

To dream you are writing your name on another man's note is a bad sign.

The true value of a man should always be measured by his deeds—and mortgages.

An old maid said the other day that she was like Time, because she waits for no man.

Cultivate an equable temper; if it is bad let it remain so, if good keep it so, don't let it vary.

He was making fun of a cupola on the house, and Knox said he didn't see but what it was better than a mortgage on it.

It will soon be time to fish for fleas; in some localities they have already begun to bite good. You bait the hook yourself.

Jones says if his girl paid more attention to curling her hair and less to curling her lip he would be treated less scornfully.

It is easier for a rich man to swallow a camel than for this thread to go through the eye of this blind needle, said old Mrs. Skimps.

He wore a few relics of past ages in the shape of clothes.

And he looked as if he would like to accept the position of driver on a bread wagon.

And he poured his glass perfectly full, and drank it down, and he looked in it to see if there was any of it left.

And he said to the bar-tender, "My Christian friend, I have been traveling through this world of woe of late years without money, from the fact that I am a specie man; paper money is not money, and I do not encourage its use by countenancing its circulation. When gold, which is money, gets round again, then I will have the money to pay you. It is not my fault, but the fault of the Government, don't you see?"

And as he went out of the saloon, the bar-tender's foot was subsequent to him.

Two country lovers went hand in hand to the gallery to get their pictures tacked together. The artist seated her, and stood him at her side, got everything ready, took the lid off of the machine, and turned his back. Jonathan hadn't had a kiss for a spell, so he bent over and deposited one on Ruth Ann's mug. The artist went into the small room which presently got too small to hold all the profanity that generated in it, and some of it leaked out. He came back and told them they would have to hold up on kissing for a minute if they wanted a picture to show, and said that he'd try them again. But Jonathan couldn't resist patting her on the cheek, and Ruth's smile in the picture showed several stages of widening and then relaxing. The dark room again got too full of profane atmosphere, and the artist came out, mad all over, and says he: "Now, look here; if you want a picture, the only way to get it done is for you to sit in her lap, but your arms round each other and your lips together; may be I can get one that way. Jonathan said, 'What do you take us for?' 'I'm not taking you at all, but I wouldn't take you for a good deal this way.' Jonathan took her hand and said, 'Come on, Ruthy, let's go to some other dentist shop, where they ain't so powerful particular;' and they left."

BEAT TIME.